★ Jan. 16, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields wrote the play and George S. Kaufman directed a cast including Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death at Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Moves on Sun., Jan. 17, to another theatre. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fourth year. With Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Jan. 16.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman being who he is, this costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 has its bright moments, but there are leisurely ones too. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Russian People—Clifford Odets' adaptation of a play about the defenders of Moscow and Stalingrad. A fine theme rather disappointingly handled. Leon Ames, Luther Adler, and Eleonora Mendelssohn are in it. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other fine players in a revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Without Love—Philip Barry's play about a marriage of convenience has its rather naïve political undertones, but otherwise it is bright enough. Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent head the Theatre Guild cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 23.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Nine Girls—A murder mystery by Wilfrid H. Pettitt, with an all-woman cast which includes Adele Longmire, K. T. Stevens, and Barbara Bel Geddes. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by A. H. Woods. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on one of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which has its coy moments but is generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

New Faces of 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest collection of budding talent in a revue that is appealing but pretty amateur. John Lund, Tony Farrar, and Ann Robinson are probably the most promising of the newcomers. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Show Time—A superior vaudeville show, supervised by George Jessel. Among the performers are Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. They are all very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Dark Eyes—Eugenie Leontovich, Elena Miramova, and Jay Fassett in a comedy staged and produced by Jed Harris. Opens Thurs., Jan. 14. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ask My Friend Sandy—Roland Young in a comedy by Stanley Young. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Thurs., Jan. 21. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Carnival—Sonja Henie back again with her skating revue: Mon. through Sat., Jan. 18-23, and Mon. through Wed., Jan. 25-27, at 8:30 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 24, at 2:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 14-17; "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sun., Jan. 21-24; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DANCE RECITALS

Hanya Holm—Appearing with her group: Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

Doris Humphrey—Performing with her company and José Limon in an all-Bach program: Sun., Jan. 17, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's an ice show in the Bowman Room, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Zero Mostel is around too.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Unmistakably tropical, with a show headed by Sophie Tucker and the De Marcos. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra, a rumba band, and a considerable number of mirrors.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moods. Jane Pickens, who is singing there at the moment, will be replaced on Fri., Jan. 15, by Bil Baird and his puppets. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Carol Bruce and John Hoysradt are entertaining in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Evan Jones's orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . You'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Larry Adler

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	36
THE CURRENT CINEMA	42
LETTER FROM ALGIERS	46
LETTER FROM LONDON	51
MUSICAL EVENTS	49
OF ALL THINGS	41
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	38
THE THEATRE	30

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 23.

plays his harmonica and Roy Ross's orchestra plays dance music in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra is there all evening, spelled, during the late shift, by Mischa Borr's. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and other competent performers. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings those songs of hers and Fred Keating is around as well. . . . **La Vie Parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a log fire, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra and an all-girl one. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **Casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although Algerians might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra. . . . **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which, beginning Fri., Jan. 15, will include Jane Pickens. . . . **Riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (EL 5-9603): one of the newer ones, with Chandra-Kaly and his dancers, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **Mon Paree**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a small floor, and medium-sized entertainers, including Betty Bryant; Bill Glass's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **Commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra will be replaced by Hal McIntyre's on Thurs., Jan. 21. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): Ron Perry orchestra and a dance floor no bigger than a jeep. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **Latin Quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that. . . . **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya heads the show in this Latin-American spot; Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers have moved in, and there's also Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra. . . . **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are on hand in this downtown landmark. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's Coleman Hawkins' band. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

ART

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

American Group—Twelfth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the liveliest of the younger artists' groups: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Thirty-one ladies, led by Gypsy Rose Lee, show the men what surrealism is really about. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Barroom Art—The big, luscious Bouguereau that used to adorn the Hoffman House bar; a benefit for the Fighting French Relief Committee: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Bonnard and Vuillard—The two grand old men of the Impressionist era in a pleasantly nostalgic showing: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Breinin—Paintings, half fantastic and half mystical: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Daniel Collection—A selection of pastels and water colors collected by Charles Daniel, who was a prominent art dealer just after the last war. The work is pretty youthful, but many now-famous names are included, such as Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Marsden Hartley, and Man Ray: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

De Creeft—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Fath Ali Shah—Paintings, Eastern in idiom but oddly Romanesque in treatment, by a little-known nineteenth-century Persian artist: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

French—Works by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other nineteenth-century artists: Schneider-Gabriel, 69 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Groups—At the **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56: the Bombshell Group shows another mixture. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings by di Chirico, Pascin, Miranda, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. . . . **Kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Bouché, Cowles, du Bois, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Kandinsky—A retrospective of this artist's work from 1909 to 1938: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 15.

Leonide—Retrospective showing by one of the leading French Neo-Romantics: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 13.

Marin—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

Mattei—Paintings of Maine and Alaska, including some of Dutch Harbor and Sitka: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

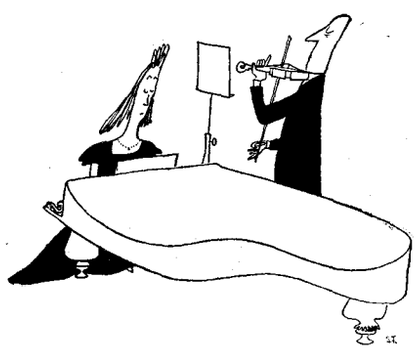
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, highly illuminating international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Americans, including Moholy-Nagy, Rolph Scarlett, and Balcomb Greene. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Society of American Etchers. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

Old Masters—Paintings by Memling, Claesz, Tintoretto, and other members of the Flemish, Dutch, and Italian schools: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16.

Priebe—First New York showing of paintings by a Midwesterner of some talent: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.



Ranken—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who specialized in interiors: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16.

Sculptures—Small, lively, extremely well-selected collection of modern Americans, in the second of a "Homage to Rodin" series: Buchholz and Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 23.

Sargent—A selection of water colors: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Jacob Getlar Smith—Landscapes in water color, done by an artist with real authority in the medium: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Springhorn—Paintings of lumberjacks and the woods in winter, as well as some interesting water colors and gouaches: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 23.

Szyk—Miniaturistically painted war satires and political caricatures: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

Here and There—At the **Newhouse**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angna Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30. . . . **Newman**, 66 W. 55: water colors by Joseph Newman. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . **Pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: paintings by Hananiah Harari. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . **Argent**, 42 W. 57: American landscapes by Muriel Alvord. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . **Wakefield Gallery**, 64 E. 55: drawings by John Franklin Hawkins. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 23. . . . **11 W. 57**: paintings by Milena, for the benefit of the United Yugoslav Relief Fund. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: paintings by Gregorio Prestopino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 23.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Reiner conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Jan. 14, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 15, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Jan. 17, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Jan. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Jan. 22, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Béla and Ditta Bartók, Jan. 21-22.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Jan. 16, at 11 A.M.

N.B.C. String Symphony—Black conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Jan. 15, at 8:40 P.M.

Concerto Concert—Bronislaw Huberman, assisted by members of the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of Gregor Fittelberg: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

Slavic Concert—Zinka Milanov, Jarmila Novotna, Witold Malcuzynski, and others in a program sponsored by the American Slav Congress: Carnegie Hall, Mon., Jan. 18, at 8:15 P.M.

Duke Ellington Concert—The Negro musician and his band presenting a program of his own compositions; a Russian War Relief benefit: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Jan. 23, at 8:30 P.M.

Golden Hill Chorus—Mead conducting: Town Hall, Sat., Jan. 23, at 8:30 P.M.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Marjorie Lawrence, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Gladys Swarthout, and six other outstanding singers and instrumentalists (a National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis benefit), Sun., Jan. 17, at 8:40 P.M.; Efrem Zimbalist, Tues., Jan. 19, at 8:40 P.M.

Town Hall—Alexander Brailowsky, Fri., Jan. 15 and 22, at 8:30 P.M.; Povla Frijsh, Sun., Jan. 17, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Curtis String Quartet, Carroll Glenn, and Webster Aitken), Sun., Jan. 17, at 5:30 P.M.; Nicola Moscona, Sun., Jan. 17, at 8:30 P.M.; Bach Circle of New York (Ralph Kirkpatrick, Anabel Hulme, and others), Mon., Jan. 18, at 8:45 P.M.; Paolo Gallico, Tues., Jan. 19, at 8:30 P.M.; William Kapell, Wed., Jan. 20, at 8:30 P.M.

Elsewhere—At the **McMillin Theatre**: Wanda Landowska, Sat., Jan. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200 between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M.) . . . **Brooklyn Academy of Music**: Yehudi Menuhin, Tues., Jan. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"La Serva Padrona" and "Salome," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 14; "Louise," Fri. Aft., Jan. 15; "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., Jan. 15; "Manon," Sat. Aft., Jan. 16; "The Magic Flute," Sat. Eve., Jan. 16; "Der Rosenkavalier," Mon. Eve., Jan. 18; "Faust," Wed. Eve., Jan. 20; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 21; "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., Jan. 22; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Aft., Jan. 23; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Jan. 23. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make

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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber

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So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

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What a terrible fix I'm in!

I WOULDN'T FEEL so badly about it if they had put just an ordinary whiskey-and-soda in my hand.

But they gave me one of the world's most glorious drinks . . . a wonderfully smooth and flavorful Four Roses-and-soda.

Then they let me freeze, so that I can't possibly raise the Four Roses-and-soda to my lips. It's tragic, I tell you.

But you who are not snow men aren't in the fix I'm in. YOU can get a Four Roses-and-soda at your favorite bar. Or you can take home a bottle of this gloriously rich and mellow whiskey. Then YOU can pour a generous jigger of Four Roses into a glass and add ice and soda.

And, best of all, YOU can lift this magnificent drink to your fortunate lips and sip it. Lucky, lucky you!

• • •

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 23.

a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SHOESTRING OPERA COMPANY—A new group presenting "Tales of Hoffmann," Dean Dixon conducting, Tues., Jan. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Auditorium, 117 E. 68th St. For tickets, call MU 2-3070.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Two 10-round bouts: California Jackie Wilson vs. Jacob La Motta, middleweights, and Chalky Wright vs. Joey Peralta, lightweights, Fri., Jan. 15; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches start at about 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Jan. 14; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 17; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Jan. 17, at 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURE—A comprehensive exhibition of models, photographs, drawings, maps, and plans, assembled by Philip L. Goodwin and G. E. Kidder Smith, showing the architectural development of Brazil: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays *12 noon to 7* P.M.; Sun., *1 to 7* P.M.; *through* March 7.

ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS—A complete set of Duncan Phyfe pieces which were used a century and a half ago in the home of Thomas Cornell Pearsall, at 43 Wall Street, exhibited in a setting which duplicates a drawing room of that period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at *104*. Tues. *through* Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 30.

BENEFITS—Dinner and entertainment, including a tabloid version of "Carmen," with Lily Djanel and Licia Albanese, for the United Forces Opera Fund: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues., Jan. 19, at 7:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-2410. . . . The Polka Military Ball, for the Kosciuszko Foundation: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri., Jan. *22*, at 9 P.M. For tickets, call RH 4-7375.

ON THE AIR—Boston Symphony, Burgin conducting, Sat., Jan. 16 and 23, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Reiner conducting, Sun., Jan. 17, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Jan. 17, at 5 P.M. WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Manon," with Bidu Sayao, John Brownlee, and Charles Kullman, Sat., Jan. 16; "La Forza del Destino," with Lawrence Tibbett and Ezio Pinza, Sat., Jan. 23, at 2 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M., WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57: paintings by Van Dyck, Daumier, Corot, and Titian, bronzes by Remington, Davidson, and Pigalle, eighteenth-century French and English furniture, Brussels tapestries, and decorative objects, owned by Frank G. Schnittjer: Thurs., Jan. 14, at 8:15 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Jan. 15 and 16, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, 579 5 Ave., at 47: Chinese art objects, including eighteenth-century snuff bottles, Ming bronzes, and wood carvings, from the collections of Seth B. Robinson and others: Sat., Jan. 16, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BLACK SWAN—A sure box-office thing (unless it happens to be losing money) about the Spanish Main. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and Thomas Mitchell in Technicolor. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Jan. 19.)

CASABLANCA—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—The early career of James J. Corbett, with Errol Flynn in the best artificial boxing sequences Hollywood has come up with. He's O.K. out of the ring, too. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Jan. 19.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about life's ups and downs in Bucks County. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Jan. 14. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 15-17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 15-18.)

I MARRIED A WITCH—Another of those Thorne Smith stories, with lots of camera tricks. The dialogue is good, and Fredric March, Veronica Lake, and Robert Benchley know what to do with it. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Jan. 18. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Jan. 20.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward's well-executed biography of a British destroyer. The acting is especially fine, although you may not know many of the cast. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Booth Tarkington's novel about an overbearing young whippersnapper serves as the background for one of Orson Welles's gloomy but interesting productions. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 15-18.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Scenes from Russia's counter-drive of last winter, with a sometimes illogical commentary in English. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Wed., Jan. 20.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—The movie from the play from the stories about the hazards of Greenwich Village life. With Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Jan. 16. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., Jan. 15-19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 16-18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 16-19.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—A Hitchcock, a bit under Hitchcock par but still scary, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney in the life story of the late George M. Cohan, which includes the old songs, scenes from the great shows, and hoofing in the grand style. With Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, and Walter Huston. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Jan. 14.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. French, with Mia Slavenska. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 15.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Racy and French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 19-21.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles's study of a rich man and his life. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 19-21.)

DIVE BOMBER (1941)—Of the education of our young pilots, with some superb views of flying. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are involved. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 19-21.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., Jan. 20.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 14.)

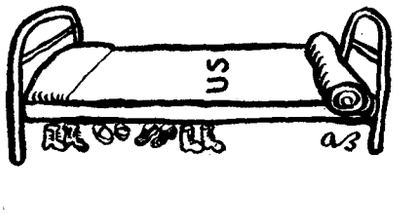
THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiel Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 19-21.)

MOONTIDE (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Jan. 15-18.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Jan. 14.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Jan. *20-22*.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 19-21.)



NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 14-15:** "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT. AND SUN., JAN. 16-17:** "Stella Dallas" (1925), Belle Bennett. **THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 18-19:** "Chess Fever" (1925) and "Mother" (1926), both Russian films. **WED. AND THURS., JAN. 20-21:** "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. **FRI. AND SAT., JAN. 22-23:** "Moana" (1926), Robert J. Flaherty documentary film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Among the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of about equal importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (5) men and women to put in whatever daytime or evening hours they can spare—but on a regular schedule—doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can't volunteer on a set schedule but can be called upon for all sorts of short-notice temporary jobs. Right now, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with rationing.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is used in the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute. Meanwhile, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently wanted as ever. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for kitchen fat. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed by the Navy for the manufacture, among other things, of gunpowder bags and parachutes. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, is now under way, its aim being to get more than 10,000,000 volumes for servicemen both here and abroad. People with books to contribute (Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand) are asked to tie them in packages and deliver them to any public library. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute portable phonographs, records, bridge tables and chairs, and games for Army and Navy recreation centres. . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies taken in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City.

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here's the new Altman topper designed for you and your life in 1943! New because of its shorter length. Exciting because it can be worn any place, any time, over anything from suits to dinner clothes. And smart because it's double breasted and comes in magnificent colors. Soft wool fleece in red, gold, green or nude. Also in navy blue melton cloth. Interlined for wear right now. Sizes 10 to 18, 39.95

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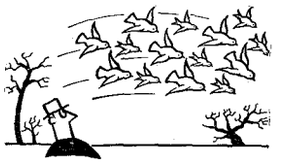
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PASSING Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street Monday morning, we spied a flock of pigeons circling happily in the clear, crisp air. It was a curious formation, half

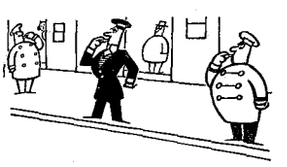


the pigeons being junior-miss size. On closer inspection the smaller ones turned out to be starlings. For several minutes we stood and watched while the group wheeled in a rhythm as measured as a number by the Rockettes, the starlings as free from want and as well insured of their places in the flight as their physical superiors. It was all very heartening, somehow, so soon after the release of the Beveridge Report.

ANY conclusions we manage to reach are purely coincidental, and have no relation to the facts in the morning's mail. Here's a loyal friend who has hastened to inform us that Woolworth's, apparently taking a bearish view of the war, has been displaying five-year diaries on a counter devoted to suggested gifts for servicemen. An Intelligence officer studying a Japanese textbook at Harvard painstakingly deciphered "*Seifuku wa koko de kaimasho ka, sore tomo Washington e itte kara ni shimasho ka*" and found that it meant "Shall we buy the uniforms here, or wait until we get to Washington?" A cafeteria up on Fifty-seventh Street offers a ham sandwich for twenty cents and a ham sandwich de-luxe for ten cents. A bookish soldier reports that, though his post library contains eight copies of "Liberalism Faces the Future," there is but one copy each of "Efficient Marketing for Agriculture" and "Bicameralism vs. Unicameralism." A moody soldier sends us the label out of his fatigue hat, which bears the name of the Morose Cap Company. Up in Northampton, where the girls are taking their naval training, a child pointed to a male naval officer striding down the street and said, "Look, Mummie, a papa Wave." On Sixtieth Street a girl picked up a gold locket from the sidewalk and found that it contained a picture of Superman. That's the sort of facts we get to work with—not a conclusion in a carload. What this publication needs, there's no doubt about it, is a good five-inch pipeline.

ALL sorts of subtle changes of accent are bound to take place during global war. Once upon a time the names Bond Street and Pall Mall were synonymous with smart living; they meant everything British, and Britain meant everything elegant and upstage. But in our latest copy of *Punch* (and not so very late at that) we observe a new cigarette advertised, obviously aimed at the carriage trade, called the Fifth Avenue. The Abdulla people are putting it out, and you know the Abdulla people—terrifically right. It's really a bad bit of cancellation that has occurred, and for the advertising profession it poses a question that won't wait for an answer: Which is smart, America or England? We *both* can't be, that's obvious. We can both be friendly but one *or* the other has to be smart.

IN a period of change, the apartment-house doorman has proved himself as inflexible as his cardboard dickey. As anyone should know, there are no



more empty taxicabs on the streets, but doormen continue to whistle for them and will, probably, for the duration. It may be, of course, that they are whistling for cabs in the sense that sailors caught in the Doldrums used to whistle for a wind. If so, it is picturesque of them but none the less irksome for a man trying to get a little sleep.

THE question of what happens when a man of good will finds himself at cross purposes with a banking house of sound principles is being decided in the State Supreme Court as we write. In this corner, Alfred Neumark, a refugee German; over there, the New York Trust Company. The bank is holding a batch of securities which Neumark sent to this country when he began to smell trouble in Germany. Now, because man cannot live by ration stamps alone, he would like to realize on them. This puts the bank in a dilemma, or what passes in banking circles for a dilemma. Before Neumark left German-occupied Europe, he signed a document offering for sale to the Nazis the securities then being held for him in New York in a burglarproof vault. In explanation, Neumark has mumbled something or other about "duress," which naturally doesn't help the bank out of its dilemma. As the newspaper story said, "The New York bank, in answering the suit, contended that, if it turned the securities over to Mr. Neumark, it might become involved in litigation with the German government after the war, because of the German law and 'offer of purchase.'" As we read, the mists of oratory and what our betters call crackpot idealistic planning rolled back, and we found ourself in the bankers' postwar world. It looked, if you want our honest opinion, distressingly like the prewar world. From this vantage point in the future, we could no longer be sure that the German government had been guilty of a peculation, or even a peccadillo, involving Mr. Neumark. The squad of men who watched while the paper was signed had long

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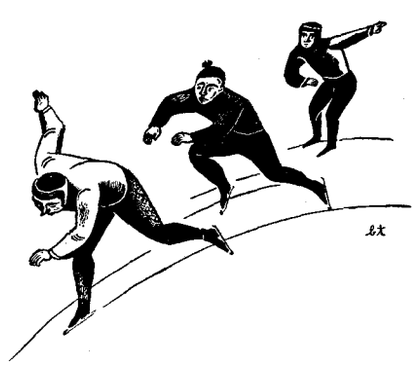
been dispersed and their neat uniforms laid away in mothballs; the voice that had pointed out the alternative to signing the paper was quiet; the people who had refused to sign similar papers and taken the alternative were, of course, dead. Only the piece of paper remained, bearing Neumark's unmistakable signature. Yes, from where we sat, it looked pretty bad for Neumark.

Roundup

J. EDGAR HOOVER has announced, we note, that he is going to check up on the draft-evasion situation, beginning February 1st, and that from then on men between eighteen and forty-five who don't have their registration cards with them will face the danger of being run in. With a nostalgic sigh, we predict herewith that the forthcoming affair will be nothing to the one organized in 1918 by a sort of predecessor of Hoover, Chief De Woody of what was then called the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. That was a memorable event. Something over twenty thousand soldiers, sailors, patrolmen, and government agents combed the city and its environs; sixty thousand men caught without draft cards on their persons were arrested and held in armories and police stations, some of them overnight, until they could account for themselves; most of the able-bodied men who happened to be in the city—travelling salesmen, commuters from Jersey, honeymooning bridegrooms, Fuller Brush men—dropped out of sight for a day, causing more or less worry among their relatives and friends; and President Wilson himself was finally moved to ask what the hell.

Chief De Woody's theory was that New York would be the likeliest place to look for draft-dodgers and would serve as a striking example for the whole country. His preparations, as announced in the press, were stupendous: in addition to his own force of agents and the entire city police force, the Chief had obtained, from somewhere or other, the services of a thousand sailors and two thousand soldiers. Six hundred and fifty automobiles stood ready to serve as emergency paddy wagons. It was announced that not only would "ferries, hotels, theatres, restaurants, saloons, railroad terminals, and every other place of a public nature" be covered or searched but that an agent would be assigned to every block in the city to check up on homes, business places, and so on. At 7 A.M. on September 3, 1918, this little army swung into action. The age limits for active service were then twenty-one to thirty-one. Any man who looked even faintly as if he fell within this group was stopped with the courtly formula "Halt, citizen!" and questioned—or he was supposed to be stopped that way. It seemed that practically nobody had his card with him. At the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, three thousand men were in custody by 10 A.M., and as fast as one proved his innocence, two or three more would be brought in. Transients were allowed to telegraph their local boards for proof of their registration and men who lived nearby could use the telephone. This didn't work out very well, however. The agents were too busy to open the answering telegrams and the crowd of anxious friends and relatives summoned by telephone soon grew so big that a cordon of guards had to be thrown around the building to keep them at a distance.

Thousands of men spent the night of September 3rd in custody. Cots were found for most of them, and they were fed dinner and breakfast by the caterer who supplied Ellis Island at the time. The next day more trouble began to pop. Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, who happened to be in New York, whizzed back to Washington and addressed the Senate. His speech was indignant enough, but it was topped by Hiram Johnson, who declaimed, in part, "Oh, you beardless boys who look to be within the ages of twenty-one or thirty-one! Ye men, well preserved, who may happen to be within the draft age, grow ye your gray whiskers and put on the habiliments of superannuated age, or an extrajudicial authority in the city of New York will take you to the bull pen until you can demonstrate by a birth certificate a thousand miles away that liberty is yours!" President Wilson asked the Attorney General how it all happened, and the Attorney General could only reply that somebody must have exceeded his authority, particularly in the matter of using soldiers and sailors for the job.



The great draft-dodger hunt was called off on the evening of the second day. Later, Martin Conboy, the local director of the draft, announced that two hundred draft-dodgers had been caught, as well as sixty people guilty of various slight, unintentional irregularities in their registration.

Rent Control

WE have a pathetic note from an Army wife, telling how it happens that she is living in a trailer. The town near the camp where her husband is stationed also houses a defense industry, and rents have been getting fairly stiff, OPA rent-freezing seemingly having gone haywire. Anyway, the local Army men, gallantly attempting some sort of homemade rent control, have surveyed the available houses, put their own rent ceilings in effect, and forbidden Army people to live in places that charge more. The rent on this lady's house proved to be five dollars a month over the Army ceiling, so she had to move out. The only other place she could find was a trailer. The Army classifies trailers as temporary dwellings and has put no ceiling on trailer rents. Our couple are paying exactly the same rent they paid before.

Ratoucheff

ANDREW RATOUCHEFF, a Russian actor who stands three feet seven inches and weighs forty-eight pounds, is having a good season, winning notices warm enough to turn the head of a full-sized actor. Last fall he appeared as the tiny Fascist in Saroyan's flopperoo, "Talking to You," and now he's the baby mammoth in "The Skin of Our Teeth." We talked with him backstage last Friday night after the performance and found him an amiable, philosophic fellow. "You must not mind my size," he said as we shook hands. "It is perhaps better these days—in littleness there is not much room for hate." He hopped up on a dressing-room chair, dangled his feet, and lit a big meerschaum pipe. "You see, I smoke. I am quite grown up," he said gently. He is, in fact, forty years old, but he has a resiliency of body that a younger man might envy; this comes, he told us, from ballet training. He's a midget—he prefers the terms "little person" and "Lilliputian"—and perfectly proportioned, not to say hand-

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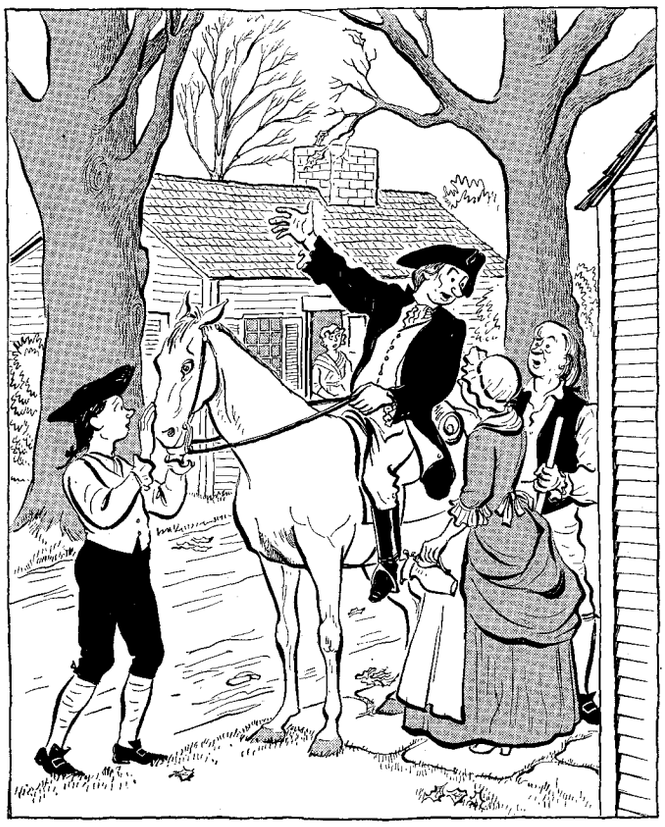

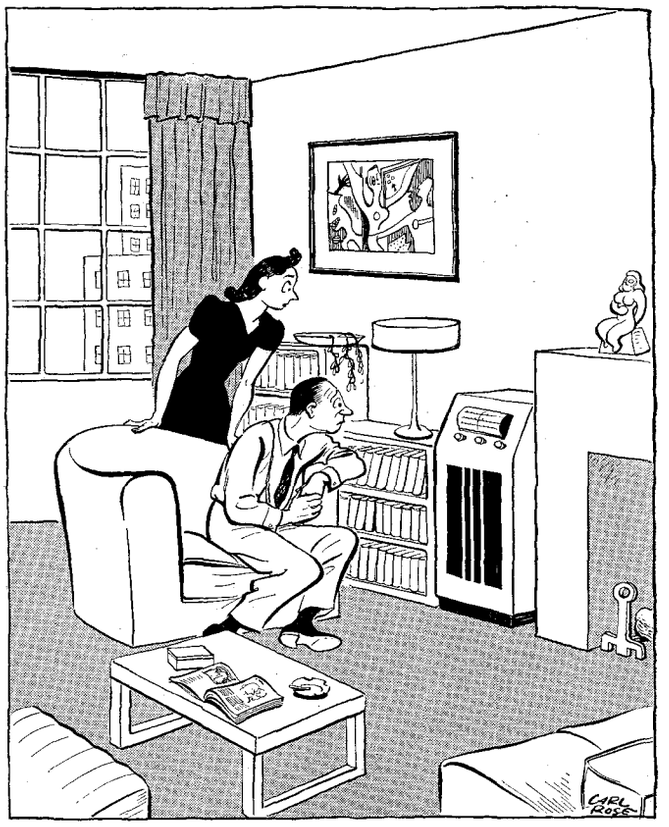

TIDINGS, THEN AND NOW

"Yesterday the British were hemmed in at Yorktown by 16,000 of our men under General Washington, and their fleet was held at bay by the French. Two of their redoubts were taken and they made a sortie, but it failed. They finally raised the white flag over the fort, and we spiked all their guns. A great storm has come up and even now, at this very moment, Cornwallis is trying to escape across the river."

"From Berne comes a persistent report that Axis forces have disengaged from the Allies at Rag-el-Sfascaulb, southeast of Bizerte. Whether this means that the enemy has made a strategic withdrawal is not immediately apparent. That the Axis situation in this theatre is deteriorating would seem to be a justifiable conclusion. This was hinted in a Stockholm report, but later denied by the German-controlled Vichy radio."

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some. Like practically all actors, he's head over heels in love with his present rôle. "Here one has the chance to study a part difficult to portray, the extinct mammal. To me this tiny mammal is a character filled with sympathy, cuteness, sweetness—playful, but a bit sad before his fate, which is extinction, as whose is not? But of course to give him the individuality, when one has never known him, is quite a trick. Yes?"

Delving into his past in Russia, Ratoucheff told us that his parents were actors and were both of normal size. When he was two, it became apparent that he wouldn't attain his full growth, and his father prepared to make things as easy as possible for him. He set about organizing a theatrical troupe composed entirely of little people, and by the time Ratoucheff was eight he was playing bit parts. The company played condensed versions of popular works, Ratoucheff's first major rôle being the consul in "The Merry Widow," at the age of twelve. Until the Revolution the little people toured Russia with great success. "We were a *Reader's Digest* of the Russian stage," Ratoucheff says. After a couple of lean years the troupe got permission to leave Russia. They went to Constantinople and there, since they could speak only Russian and hence didn't see much of an international future for themselves, began to study ballet. As dancers, the troupe made out fine, touring Italy, Greece, and Egypt and finally settling, more or less, in Paris. They made one brief trip to the United States, doing a Lilliputian version of the famous "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" for the "Follies" of 1924. Then Ratoucheff's father died, the company dwindled away, and by 1939 there were only four left. Morris Gest asked them over to appear in his World's Fair show, and a good thing he did, too, since they were stranded midway in a tour of North Africa and didn't see how they were going to keep on eating.

These days Ratoucheff lives with his mother in an apartment on West 124th Street. He has a miniature Steinway, which he plays with considerable skill. His real avocation, however, is painting in oils. He studied for a number of years in France and now, he says, is reasonably competent—"just enough for a little man." His tastes in painting are conservative, his admiration being fixed mostly on Rembrandt and Rubens. "But I am not a complete reactionary in this thing," he told us. "I

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let just the little suspicion of Impressionism creep in. It is refreshing, although I do not really believe in it wholly." He recently started modelling in clay and has completed a bust of Timoshenko. "A fierce, great general," he says. "This war has changed my feelings about Russia. After the Revolution I was bitter, but now I see the reasons for many things that have happened. One comes to understand such things through the prism of the past." Thornton Wilder has promised Ratoucheff that someday he'll write a play for him, and we hope he does.

The Washington Scene

A CLEAR-EYED military man made a brief tour of Washington just before the new Congress met and has reported to us what facts seemed to him to have some intrinsic or symbolic importance. The ladies' room in the left wing of the Capitol was closed, presumably for lack of patronage, and two peepholes had been scratched in the frosting of the glass of the doors to the President's private gallery. There were three pageboys on duty in the Supreme Court Building; two were playing with toy tanks and the other was reading Arthur Krock. In the first bar our informant stopped off at, five women were sitting, three of them crying drunk.

No. 273

THE country's leading one-legged philatelist, in the person of the eccentric Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the eccentric Hetty Green, died seven years ago, but it wasn't until last fall that the executors of his estate did anything about dispersing his collection. They have been disposing of some of it at a series of auction sales here, one of which we attended. This started at 2 P.M. at the Collectors Club, on East Thirty-fifth Street, and the principal prize was Lot No. 273, a single stamp —of the first United States air-mail issue—with an inverted centre. Allowing time for lesser items to be knocked down, we arrived shortly before four and found a seat at the rear of the room. We learned from our catalogue that No. 273 was of 24-cent denomination, without the gum, and printed with an upside-down blue biplane inside a carmine-rose border. The auctioneer, Mr. Walter S. Scott, reached the stamp in a matter of minutes, and the bidding soon touched $800, where it stalled. Mr. Scott, whom we have long known to be a veritable reservoir of stamp lore, thereupon reminded his hearers that not long ago a well-known stamp company had paid $2,000 for a forgery of this item. "Certainly, gentlemen," he said, "this *original* is worth a slightly better bid." This intramural joke was good for a general laugh and $60 more. No. 273 went to a man who, from the right rear, appeared to be small and dark. "N. Sanabria," said the chap on our left. "He can afford to hold it for a while at *that* price."

When the sale ended, we sought out Mr. Scott and asked him for anything he might have in the way of history on No. 273. The stamp's story began in 1918, he told us, when a law clerk named Robey went into the New York Avenue branch post office in Washington, D.C., and purchased a sheet of a hundred of the new and novel air-mail stamps. Back at his office, he discovered that the stamps had upside-down centres. He was no dunce and he backtracked to the post office in a hurry to buy any other sheets like his that might be there, but there were no other such stamps around, nor have any ever turned up anywhere since. It may well be that only that one sheet got run off this way. Robey brought his find to New York, where he was offered $10,000 for it. He then went to Philadelphia, where a dealer named Eugene Klein offered $15,000, which he accepted. Klein at once turned a neat profit by phoning Colonel Green in Texas and selling the sheet, sight unseen, for $20,000. This may all seem like big money and high good fortune, but in the light of the fact that one of the stamps subsequently sold for $4,100, there are two ways of looking at it.

When Colonel Green got the sheet, he broke it up into strips, singles, and blocks, according to philatelic custom. Ninety-three of the stamps are either still in Colonel Green's collection or accounted for by known sales, but seven have disappeared and constitute a philatelic mystery. Colonel Green did something with them, but nobody knows what. The seven stamps, along with twelve others, comprised the top and left-hand rows of the sheet, and formed an L-shaped strip, which the Colonel used to carry around in an envelope in his pocket, occasionally pulling it out and threatening, for some unknown reason, to burn it publicly at the Collectors Club. He never did, though, and when Mr. Scott was called upon to appraise the collection a few years ago, he found the envelope and inside it twelve stamps, all stuck together. Four were separated from the mass by hand. The eight others had to be put into a basin of water. No. 273 was one of these, and that is how it lost its gum and, along with it, considerable market value.

There has been much speculation as to what happened to the seven missing stamps. One theory is that Colonel Green gave them to King George V, but Mr. Scott takes no stock in that. It is an accepted fact that the King, a major philatelist himself, once wrote Colonel Green offering to buy a certain rare item and that Green sent it to him as a present, getting in return, however, an equally valuable stamp. "I never heard the Colonel say he'd give one of his inverted-centres away like that, though," Mr. Scott said. "If I know stamp collectors, they don't give such a prize item to a king, or to Old Harry himself."

Eskimo Story

THIS sounds like an ancient gag, but we happen to believe it. Somewhere up in the frozen, American-occupied North, a morale officer sought to cheer up the Eskimo population, and evidently at the same time impress them with American athletic prowess, by showing

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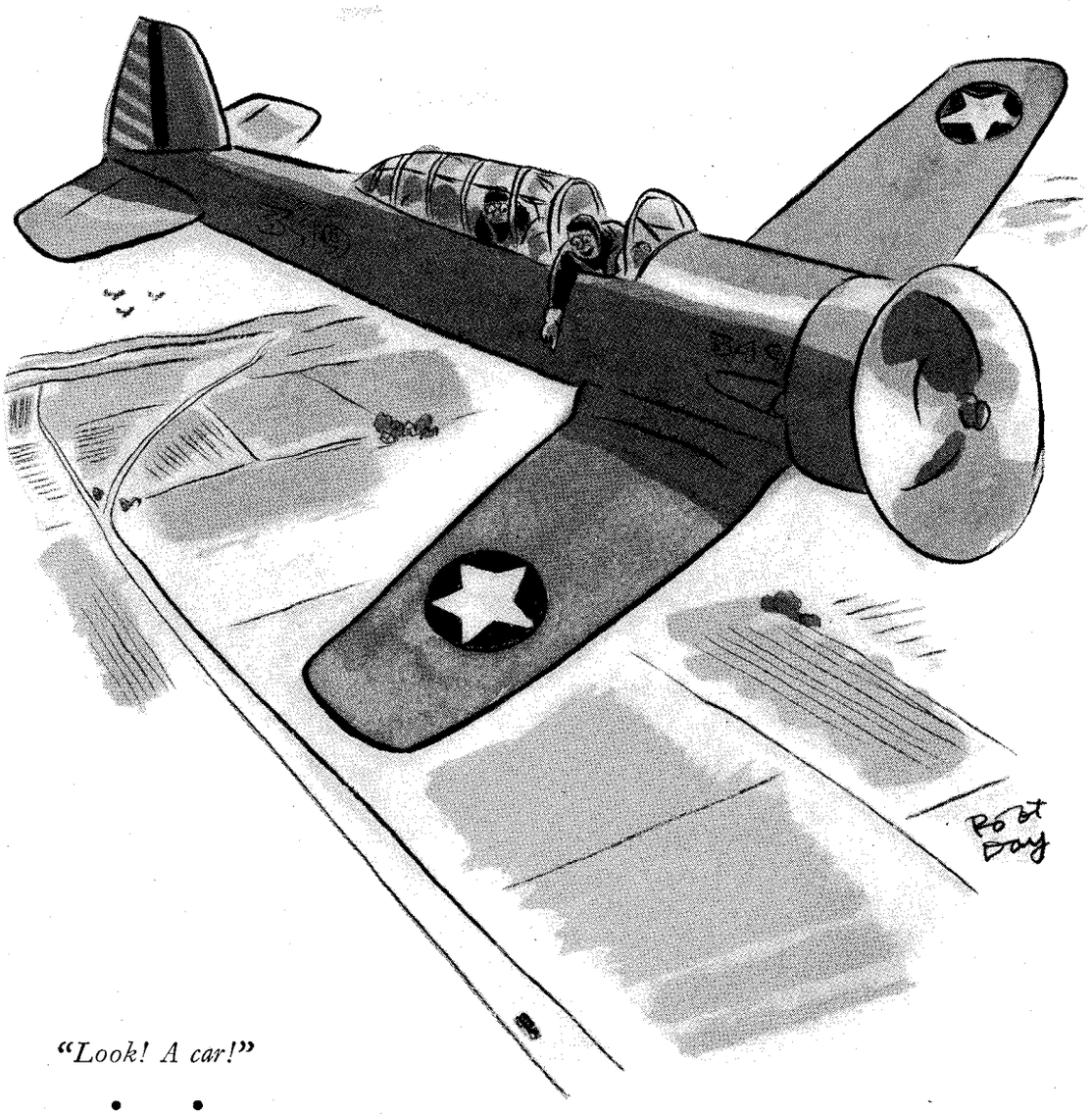
a series of newsreels. A considerable footage of these was devoted to athletic activity: a crew race, snatches of football games, a tennis match at Forest Hills, and so on. While the tennis match was being run off, an Eskimo lady sitting near the morale officer was overheard murmuring to her neighbor, "Why don't they put on their snowshoes instead of waving them around that way?"



"Look! A car!"

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Expert

OVER at the Poultry Show in the Capitol Hotel last week we got to trailing along back of a Vassarish young lady and a harried young man with her. This girl knew more about poultry than we thought anybody in the world knew, and she probably knew just as much about trigonometry, rationing, and economic determinism. The young man was in a tight spot throughout. In front of the cage of a New Hampshire hen, for instance, a large, red, malignant-looking hen, the girl remarked crisply, "This variety represents a relatively new breed. Look at that beautiful, medium-long back. Fine for egg-laying. Don't talk to me about those cobby backs. With a back like that a hen can average two hundred and eighty eggs a year, maybe three hundred, and the eggs will run thirty-two ounces to the dozen, too." The lad didn't say anything at all, and the young lady continued, "Furthermore, if you want a good table fowl, as good as a Leghorn but not as susceptible to gapes, cross this bird with a barred Plymouth Rock male. Skins are just right. And they lay well, too. The other way around—barred Plymouth Rock female and New Hampshire cock—doesn't give good results, for some reason." All the time a constant crowing came from the cages around. Most of the crows went "Uk-er-rook-er-oo," but the three of us came upon one rooster that went "Glub, blug, glub." "That one sounds as if he were dying," said the young man. "Minorca cock," said his companion. "What's the matter with him?" asked the young man. "Nothing," said the girl. "That's the way they crow."

We got to the Light Brahmas, big, silvery birds with the physical flourish of Manpower Commissioner McNutt. "These birds can eat off an ordinary dining-room table," remarked the girl. "I'll bet that big rooster goes fifteen pounds. They're among the very *best* table types. Lots of excellent breast meat and good drumsticks, too." At this point one of the Brahma hens got busy with her good drumsticks and scratched a lot of straw directly at and on the young man. The girl turned on him, too. "There's an egg in that cage!" she exclaimed. "Call the exhibitor!" "Eh?" said the young man. His companion explained that in cages of that size a Brahma hen will eat her own egg. The exhibitor just then hurried up of his own volition and, being advised of the egg, took it out. "How much does that big rooster over there weigh?" inquired the young man. "Fifteen pounds," said the exhibitor. The couple started off again and came upon some Wyandottes. "I wouldn't give a fig for Wyandottes," the young lady said. "Too temperamental." "I wish we were at Paddy's Bar," said her escort. "Jonathan!" said the young lady.

Margin for Error

HAVING noted that the laundry had returned a strange antimacassar of ecru filet in place of her husband's favorite pair of plaid socks, the heroine of this tale telephoned the manager. He listened courteously to her complaint, then sighed and admitted that the laundry might well be at fault. "Do what we will," he said, "since the war started, the human element has been creeping in."

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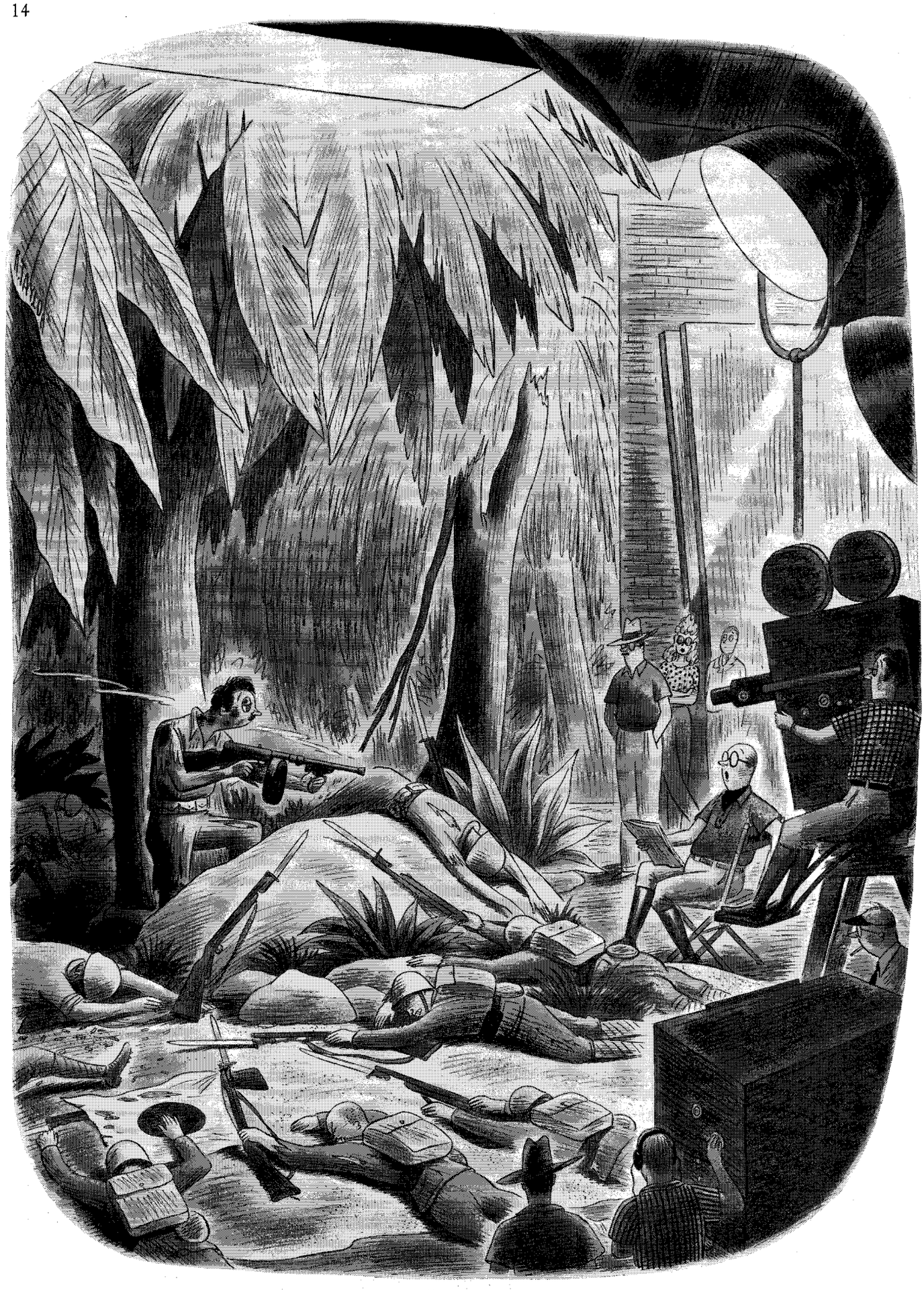

"Now let's run through it once more, Mr. Harkness, and this time try not to shut your eyes when you pull the trigger."

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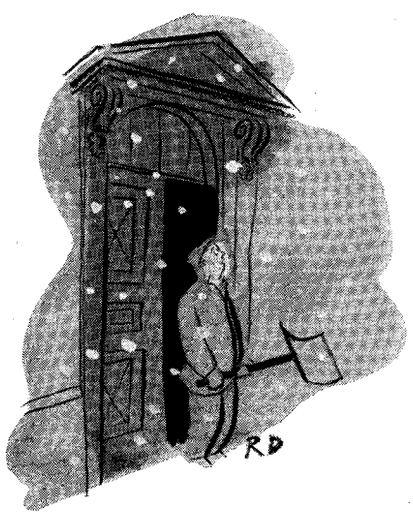
THE HUNGER OF MISS BURTON

EVER since food began to get a bit tight in England, Miss Burton had carried a wolf around with her under the neat waistband of her tweed skirt. Sometimes she felt that it wasn't one wolf only. It was a whole wolf pack cutting up in the vacuum at the back of her gray herringbone. Before the war, she couldn't remember thinking much about food, but now she thought about it constantly. She thought of thick steaks sitting on beds of fried onions, of cakes topped with a Mont Blanc of whipped cream, of black cherry jam on hot, flaky *croissants*. Now and then she even dreamed about them, as in the old days she used to dream about love. No more erotic visions of unknown or (even more embarrassing) known males flitted disturbingly through Miss Burton's slumbers. Instead, they were punctuated with good blowouts of dream food which never had any taste, which melted tantalizingly into the slow return of the chilly room and the school bell clamorously ringing.

Miss Burton's wolves were at their worst in the middle of the morning, just before break. Then they leaped about playfully, producing awkward rumbling noises which must, she often felt, be audible to Mr. Duval, romping through "*falloir*" with the Second Form next door. Sometimes she glanced sharply at the boys, expecting to catch them grinning. But they were too preoccupied with their own hunger, poor little devils, counting the moments until their eleven-o'clock glass of milk and a biscuit. The staff let up also for cups of tea in the staff room—old Blenkinsop, little bald Kendall, Duval with his stiff leg. All the young masters had gone by now; there was no one to flirt with, even if one felt inclined. Miss Burton seldom felt inclined any longer. Probably food was at the back of that, too; sex impulses don't flourish on a meagre diet. Her one glorious flutter, the affair with Emil that walking summer holiday in the Black Forest, had been done on rich, stupefying food—garlic sausage, pig's knuckle and buttery cabbage, enormous draughts of beer. Emil was dead now, his country was at war with hers, that innocent Germany had vanished like a dream into the forest. Lately she hadn't even bothered to have the gray in her hair touched up to a dark, unreal-looking auburn.

When she went along to the staff room one Saturday morning toward the end of the autumn term, she found Kendall and the others already there, standing warming their hands round their cups of tea as though they were holding small individual braziers. They were being economical on the central heating this year, and in the staff-room grate smoldered a few dejected logs to which Mrs. Baker, the headmaster's wife, always referred as "a jolly wood fire." When Miss Burton came in, Kendall was puffing at it unhopefully with the bellows, and Margaret Pierce, the music mistress, was saying, "I'm famished as well as frozen. Breakfast this morning was really *too* ludicrous—some of the mothers are going to start complaining before you can say knife." Miss Burton poured herself a cup of tea and gulped the hot liquid gratefully, feeling it cut the classroom chill in her insides. "It's something about this wartime food," she said. "I eat and eat bread, but I get up feeling that I haven't had anything." "Well, thank God I haven't got much more of it," said Margaret. She was leaving at the end of the term to marry a Canadian soldier named Jay Sturges, whom she had met at a local dance. Miss Burton stared at her, standing warming her long, slender legs in front of Mrs. Baker's jolly wood fire, and snapped, "If I were ten years younger, my child, you wouldn't catch me stopping here one moment longer than was necessary, either." Margaret just yawned and nodded unbelievingly, hitching her skirt a little higher at the back so that Kendall had a good view of the silk stockings Jay had given her. "How long till lunch, oh Lord, how long?" she sighed as Miss Burton picked up her books and went out.

WHEN the morning eventually ended and the lunch for which Margaret had prayed arrived, it turned out to be of the variety which looks ample but soon subsides, leaving a vacuum. Miss Burton, who presided over one of the tables, wondered how many more ways Miss Ruddock, the hard-pressed cook, would think up of disguising vegetables as something else. And pulse! Really, with the amount of pulse that was stuffed into the boys, the poor little wretches' insides must be blown out with enough wind to start an Atlantic gale. It was a temptation to give herself a slightly larger helping of the hot treacle roly-poly—after all, the boys had mothers who sent them things, potted meat and jam; Morley, the urchin on her right, had had a cake as big as his head this week—but she was scrupulously fair down to the last crumb.



As she began to eat, careful not to bolt the delicious sweet stuff for which she was pining, she remembered thankfully that it was Saturday and her turn to be off duty. Usually she went into the town with Margaret Pierce or Miss Ruddock, and they shopped and did a movie. It wasn't particularly exciting, but there was a bogus Elizabethan café in the High Street where they served hot chocolate and really nice homemade scones. Miss Burton enjoyed sitting in a corner under the orange-shaded wrought-iron candelabra, glancing through an old *Tatler* and feeling the warmth of the shopping women at the tables all round her, with their flushed, homely faces and their baskets full of food. It was something, at any rate, to get away from St. Ermin's for an hour or two.

But Margaret, buttonholed as they were all pouring out of the dining room, shook her head.

"Sorry, Burty," she said, "I can't manage a flick today. I've got a date."

"I suppose it's Jay," said Miss Burton.

"We're going to a dance at the Red Lion this evening. See you on the bus, though."

As they trundled toward the market town later that afternoon, separated by countrywomen with bundles and soldiers with rifles and packs, Miss Burton glanced at Margaret across the bus and reflected grudgingly that she was looking nice. She was wearing her good blue coat, and the scarf twisted round her red hair brought out the color of her eyes. Although she wasn't a type which would have appealed to Emil—Emil had liked women to be cozily built—most men would think her attractive. It was obvious that some man, Jay Sturges or another, would want to take her away

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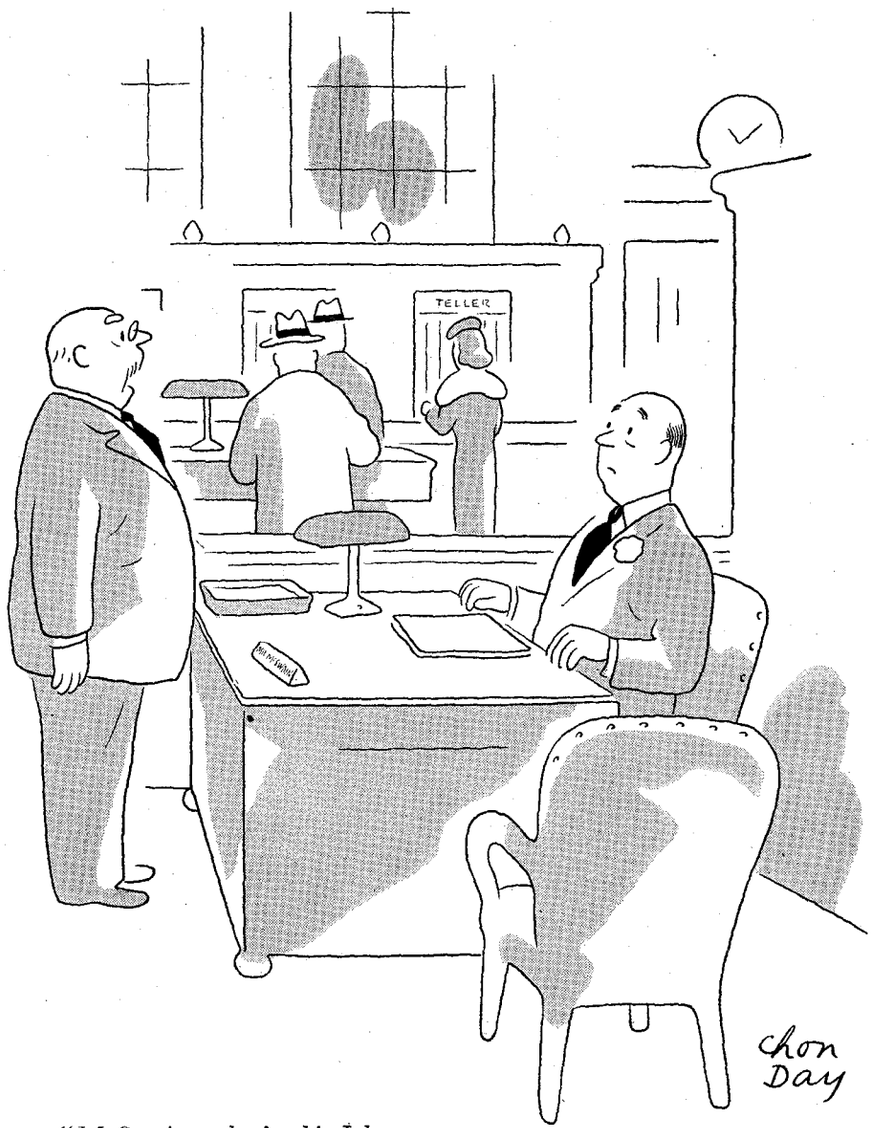

"McSwain, what's this I hear about your lending yourself $50,000?"

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from pounding out Czerny's Piano Exercises with stupid kids who hadn't a spark of music in their souls. As always on the days when she was meeting Jay, she had a bright, happy expression of anticipation, different from the fretful look she wore all week at St. Ermin's. Miss Burton had a sudden horrid pang of envy, an empty, dropping sensation worse than anything experienced in those moments when her wolves were clamoring.

"Well, have a good time," she said when the bus rattled into the market place and they all got out.

"Be good!" Margaret called gaily, and hurried off through the crowd.

MORE leisurely, Miss Burton progressed up the packed High Street, with stops at some of the shop windows, in which she saw herself reflected, portrait of a gentlewoman in gray herringbone with a party of wolves under the third button. As she had suspected, lunch had subsided and she was ravening again, but there was a little time to be filled in before she could decently make tracks for Ye Olde Tudor Café. She entered a sweetshop and bought her week's ration of chocolate. At least, it was better now that it was rationed. You could be sure of getting it, and not have some hateful, pert girl snap, "Any children? We keep it for the children now," with her hand resting beside the pile of little twopenny bars and her impudent, mocking eyes searching Miss Burton's face as though expecting to see marriage lines there in electric lights. Coming out, she was halted by the sight of a mound of freshly boiled lobsters in the fishmonger's. One holiday before the war, the parents of one of the boys, wealthy people named Douglas, had asked her out to lunch in London, and they had had lobster salad at Scott's—an ambrosial lobster with thick mayonnaise, followed by raspberries and cream, coffee, and a Cointreau that sent Miss Burton walking on air out into Piccadilly, telling Mr. Douglas that his son was the sort of boy who every once in a while made the teaching profession seem worth while. He had been charming, she remembered. Well, she had still taken trouble over how she looked in those days, before she became merely a disembodied stomach with a menagerie prowling about in it. Now, nothing seemed important any more compared with the small, private sensuality of eating.

The memory had made her mouth water, and she crossed the road quickly to the orange-shaded warmth of Ye Olde Tudor Café. She sat there for an hour or more, spinning out her order of hot chocolate and scones, glancing ironically at the pictures of well-fed people in the *Tatler*. "The Lady Marigold Taggart-Bly leads an austere life at her cottage in the country." A week at St. Ermin's, my girl, and you'd know all about austerity. Soldiers and their girls came in, the men clumping a bit self-consciously, the girls with rosy, shining faces under their pert hats. Miss Burton wondered suddenly what Margaret and Jay were doing. She asked for a second order of scones, and ate them to the last crumb with deliberate, enjoyable greed.

At the cinema, she saw the feature picture through and then sat on for a bit of the beginning again. It was comfortably warm in there, and the star was a big, fair fellow who reminded her of Emil. If he were alive now, he would be forty-eight and her enemy, but she saw him always as a young man of twenty-seven, wearing a comic green hat and leather pants and looking as beautiful as a god. All round her, couples were nuzzling and making unabashed love as they watched the picture. Maybe Margaret was there, sitting happily in the darkness, feeling a man's cheek against her hair as she pretended to watch that nonsense on the screen. Miss Burton felt tired and depressed all at once, and suspected that she had a headache coming.

SHE was early for the bus, after all. She sat in the little shelter, squeezed up on a bench next to a stout woman and her tired, wailing children. The winter evening was still and beautiful, and there was a wonderful full moon. Miss

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Burton was wondering what there would be for supper—on Saturday evenings Miss Ruddock sometimes spread herself a little—and debating whether she should open her packet of chocolate or not, when she saw Margaret and Jay on the opposite side of the market place. She was surprised, for Margaret had said that she was coming home on the last bus, and she watched them curiously as they walked up and down in the moonlight. Jay was very tall; she would have known him anywhere by his height. He and Margaret stopped, still talking. Then they went on again, but a few yards further on they stopped for the second time, and suddenly Jay turned on his heel and walked off, and Margaret came hurrying over to the shelter.

"Halloa!" said Miss Burton. "I thought you and Jay were going to make a night of it."

"We changed our minds," said Margaret shortly.

Before Miss Burton could say any more, the bus came in and they had to scramble for seats. It was dark inside the bus, the lights were partly blacked over, and everyone's face looked greenish and ghostly. Miss Burton decided against opening the chocolate now, for it would be difficult to avoid offering Margaret a piece.

"Did you go to the cinema?" she asked.

Margaret didn't answer, and Miss Burton, with a little shock, realized that she was crying. She was sitting, swaying with the movement of the bus, and the tears were running down her face and dropping on the blue coat. Miss Burton thought, "They've quarrelled, he's let her down," and through her mind flashed the idea that they might have broken the engagement. The chocolate slid off her lap, and she bent mechanically to pick it up. She didn't feel like opening it, now. The Olde Tudor tea must have been more filling than she realized, for she felt a sense of utter, wonderful repletion, as though she had just had a satisfying meal that would last a long time.

"Two to the St. Ermin's gates," she said to the bus conductress, in such a strong, buoyant tone that the other people turned their greenish faces toward her in dim astonishment.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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The Pan American will take possession of its newly acquired space on Saturday and will open its doors to the public on Monday, December 7. The structure is be re-named the Pan Amedican Building.
—*American Banker.*

And a veddy good name, too.

"My husband actually hates Washington. He always says he only stays here for the country's sake."

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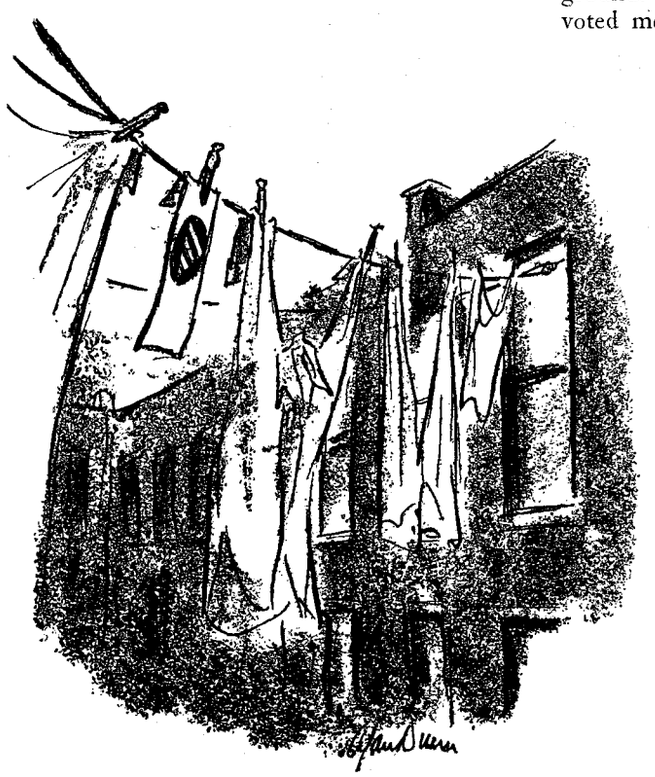
DAYS OF INNOCENCE

MEMOIRS OF A STABLE BOY

HORSES, taking one with another, are supposed to be the stupidest creatures (forgetting, of course, horse-lovers) within the confines of Christian civilization, but there are naturally some exceptions, and they probably include the whole race of Shetland ponies. During the interminable epoch stretching from my eleventh year to my fourteenth I was on confidential terms with such a pony, and came to have a very high opinion of his sagacity. As the phrase ran in those days, he was as sharp as a trap, and also excessively immoral. The last word, I should say at once, I do not use in the Puritan or Freudian sense, for Frank was a gelding; what I seek to convey is simply the idea that he was a cheat, a thief, and a scoundrel. Nearly all his waking hours were given over to deceiving and afflicting my brother Charlie and me. He bit us, he kicked us, he stepped on our toes, he crowded us against the walls of his stall, and he sneezed in our faces, and in the intervals he tried to alarm us by running away or by playing sick or dead. Nevertheless, we loved him, and mixed with our affection there was a great deal of sincere admiration.

Where he was bred we never heard, and, boylike, did not inquire. One day in the autumn of 1891 a couple of carpenters appeared and began to throw up a miniature stable at the end of our long backyard, and by the time they got the roof on Frank was in it, along with a yellow gocart, a tabloid buggy with fringe around its top, a couple of sets of harness, and a saddle. It soon turned out that there was not room enough in the stable for both the gocart and the buggy, so the buggy was moved to Reveille's livery stable, two blocks away, where my father's horse, John, was in residence. Simultaneously, a colored intern was brought in from the same place to instruct Charlie and me in the principles of his art, for we were told that we were to have the honor of caring for Frank. Inasmuch as we had been hanging about stables since infancy, watching the blackamoors at their work, this hint that we needed tutelage rather affronted us, but we were so delighted by the privilege to become hostlers—the dream of every normal boy in that horsy age—that we let it pass, and only too soon we learned that there was a great deal more to policing a Shetland pony than could be picked up by watching blackamoors grooming full-grown horses.

Charlie, I believe, got the first kick, and I got the first bite. It was delivered with sly suddenness on the second morning after the intern from Reveille's had graduated me *cum laude* and gone back to his regular job. He had cautioned me that in currying any sort of horse it was necessary to pay particular heed to the belly, for it tended to pick up contamination from the stall litter, and he had added the warning that the belly was a sensitive area and must be tackled gently. I was gentle enough, goodness knows, but Frank, as I was soon to learn, objected to any sort of currying whatsoever, top or bottom, and so, when I stooped down to reach under his hull—he was only ten hands high at the withers—he fetched me a good nip in the seat of my pants. My reactions, in that heyday of my nonage, were those of a coiled spring of high tension, and it was thus hardly more than a split second before I was out in the yard rubbing my backside with both hands. When I tell you that Frank laughed you will, of course, set me down a nature-faker; all the same, I tell you that Frank laughed. I could see him through the window above his feed trough, and there were all the indubitable signs—the head thrown back, the mouth open, the lips retracted, the teeth shining, the tears running down both cheeks. I could even hear a sound like a chuckle. Thereafter I never consciously exposed my caboose to him, but time and again he caught me unawares, and once he gave me a nip so severe that the scar remains to this day. Whenever I get to a hospital—which is only too often in these later years—the sportive young doctors enter it upon their chart as a war wound.



FRANK quickly developed a really marvellous technique of escape. He had a box stall that, considering his size, was roomy, and Charlie and I kept it so clean that the hostlers from all the other stables in the alley would drop in to admire it. There was a frame of soft red clay to ease his forefeet, and a large piece of rock salt to entertain him on lazy afternoons. He got hearty meals of substantial horse victuals three times a day, and in cold weather the water used to mix his mill feed was always warm. Through the window above his trough he could look out into the yard, and a section thereof about twenty feet square was fenced off to give him a paddock. In this paddock he was free to disport a couple of hours every day, save only when there was snow on the ground. But when he was in it he devoted most of his time to hanging his head over the paling fence, lusting for the regions beyond. Just out of his reach was a peach tree, and beyond it a pear tree, both still young and tender. One fine spring day, with both trees burgeoning, he somehow cracked the puzzle of the catch on the paddock gate, and by the time he was discovered he had eaten all the bark off the peach tree from the ground to a height of four feet. Charlie and I found it hard to blame him, for we liked the peach gum ourselves and often chewed it, flies and all, but my mother wept when the tree died, and the paddock gate was outfitted with an iron bar and two chains.

Frank never got through the gate again—that is, by his own effort. But one day,

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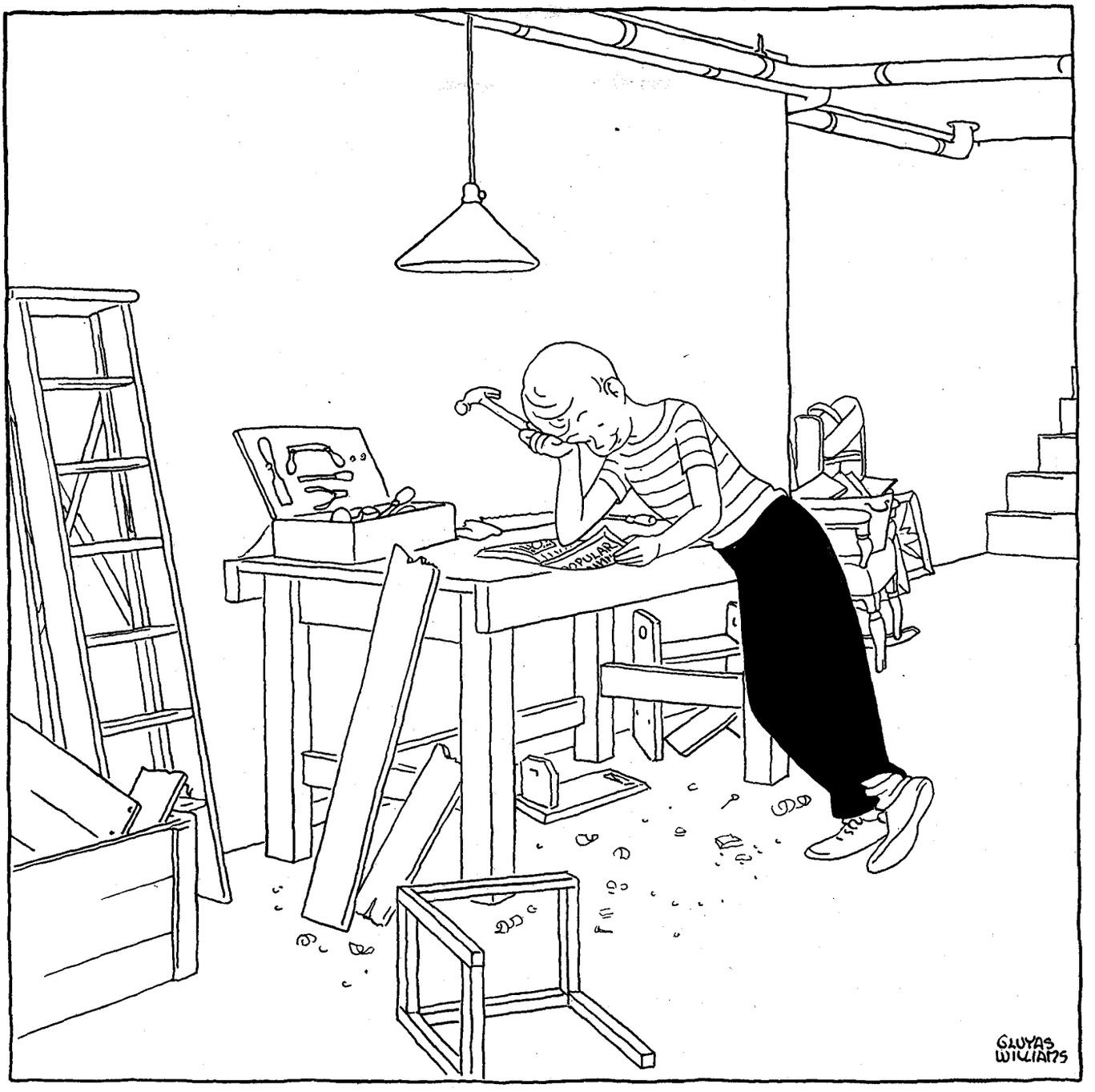

THE READING PUBLIC

An unpleasant surprise awaits the marauder who tampers with this burglar-proof mailbox. An alarm bell is set off, a warning light blinks, and a severe electric shock is administered. The necessary alterations to your own mailbox can be made in the home workshop, with ninety cents' worth of materials. First, take a piece of half-inch pine board, seven by three inches, and bore holes as indicated in Fig. 1 . . .

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writes, "that the 'control' of the great corporations should develop into a purely neutral technocracy, balancing a variety of claims by various groups in the community and assigning to each a portion of the income stream on the basis of public rather than private cupidity." The statement has a smooth, New Deal swing. When Berle wrote it, he was a sturdy Republican, a corporation lawyer, and, being an associate professor of law at Columbia, an employee of Nicholas Murray Butler.

As a Republican, Berle shuddered at Marx, but he didn't subscribe to the rigid orthodoxy of Adam Smith. He dreamed long dreams of a brave new world in which the harsher aspects of capitalism would be covered by a soft, socialistic mist. His ambition was to be, as he himself often said, "a scholar at the bar," above the turmoil of the times. But one day in 1932, while he was teaching law at Columbia, he was informed by Raymond Moley, a fellow-professor who was acting as a talent scout for Roosevelt, that his study of corporate finance would be a passport to the privy council of the man most likely to succeed Herbert Hoover. Moley's method of selecting the early Brain Trusters was rather parochial. Together with Roosevelt's friend Judge Samuel I.

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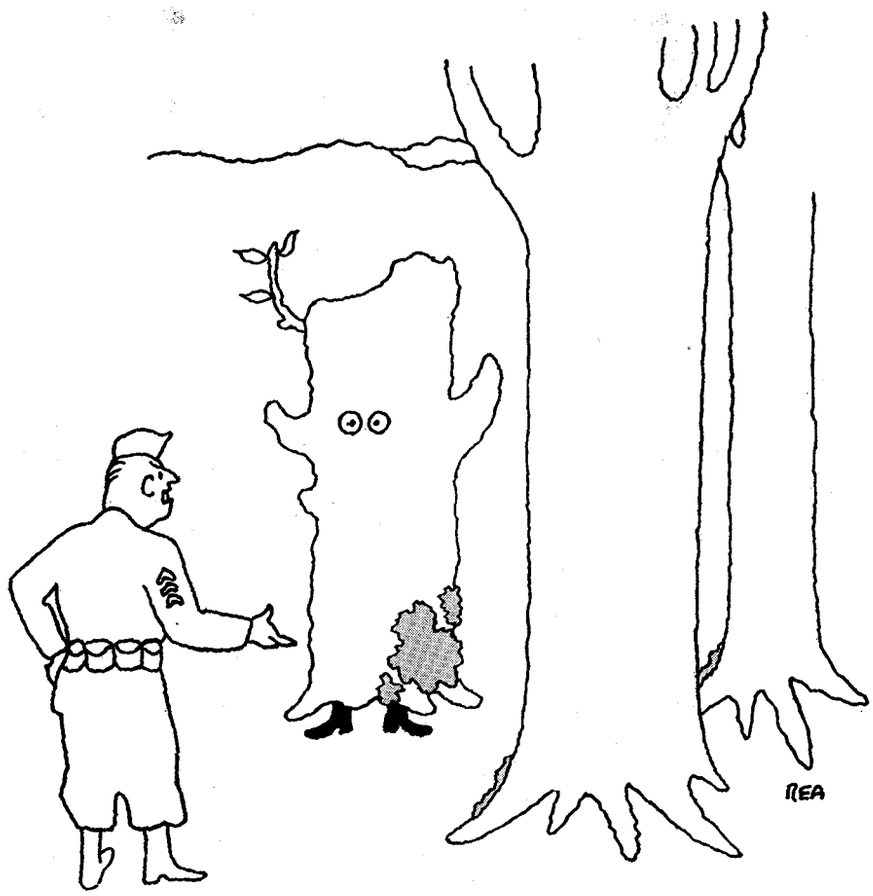
Rosenman, a Columbia alumnus, he simply ticked off on a list the Columbia professors who seemed the most likely material for membership in a kitchen Cabinet. Since Berle, besides developing theories about corporate control, had been keeping his law students busy thinking up methods of regulating the Stock Exchange, Moley was sure he'd fit well into the group around Roosevelt. Not at all certain that Roosevelt was the best Presidential candidate available, Berle was at first reluctant to sign up. Moley finally brought him around, and Berle, on condition that his support of Roosevelt would be technical rather than political, became one of the original Brain Trusters. Today he doesn't like to dwell on his early indifference to the President. In a burst of hero worship a couple of years ago, he remarked that Roosevelt might well be a modern messiah, and he now speaks of him with a deference that he accords no other man on earth. His relations with Roosevelt are cordial, and the President is said to enjoy his sweeping analyses of tremendous problems, foreign and domestic. Berle refers to the President as the Skipper. The President's name for Berle is Dolf.

No man was ever better attuned to the moment than Berle in the heady days of 1932, when the New Deal was shaping up. At a time when everyone was looking for ideas, he had a million of them. He simply poured them out, sometimes working twenty hours a day and sustaining himself largely on coffee. In addition to examining the broader aspects of the coming New Deal, he suggested methods of reforming the Stock Exchange, reorganizing the railroads, shifting the debt burdens of the banks to the government, and revising the nation's bankruptcy laws. In Manhattan, Albany, and Hyde Park, he expounded his theories, flourished his charts, and dazzled his listeners. Much of the material he produced provided background for Roosevelt's campaign speeches, and he put together a good part of the famous address to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, in which Roosevelt outlined his political philosophy. Moley, Rexford G. Tugwell, and Berle made up a triumvirate that became almost as celebrated as Tinker, Evers, and Chance. Berle was generous with his energies, and he pointed the way to some of the New Deal's most admired reforms. He helped to write the famous Section 77B of the Bankruptcy Act, assisted the RFC in railroad reorganizations, and, it is said, laid the groundwork for the Securities and Exchange Act. In his relations with the administration, he has been luckier than most other members of the Brain Trust. Because he had a good law practice in New York, he wasn't eager, during the first few months after the New Deal came into power, to attach himself permanently to one of the Washington bureaus that were being set up, and he managed to clear out of the capital before the New Deal's early intramural feuds had produced its first big batch of casualties. In 1934, when most of the New Dealers were in Washington battling for Roosevelt's favor, he was back in New York serving as City Chamberlain under his friend Fiorello LaGuardia, who, as a member of Congress, had often sought his advice on railroad legislation. LaGuardia even today becomes lyrical whenever anyone mentions Berle. "There isn't a job in the city government I wouldn't give him," he says. "He's an economist with vision. He stimulates me."



"And another thing, Morley—your moss is on the wrong side."

BERLE has never held an elective office. His friends say that he would like to hold one and that he yearns to be a political force the way a small boy yearns to be a fireman, which may account for his range of political loyalties. Within the past decade he has dallied with the Republicans, the Democrats, and the American Labor Party, and has been sent out as an administration brush beater to flush supporters for Democratic candidates of just the right shading. At the moment he is deeply attached to the Affiliated Young Democrats of New York, a group which is striving to trip up the machine-finished wheel horses of the State Democratic Party. Like practically every other minority group in this state, the Affiliated Young Democrats boast that they hold the balance of power. Nobody else takes their claims very seriously, but Berle is convinced that they are a growing force in politics and he frequently sets aside his State Department chores to dash up to Manhattan and attend their meetings. They get together fairly regularly at the Hotel Piccadilly, and their gatherings are devoted to vociferous complaints against the rascally election boards which persistently deny them a place on the ballot. In the midst of the fuming Young Democrats, some of whom are of about the same age as the Old Democrats, Berle assumes an attitude of strained good-fellowship, and he twitches nervously until he gets up to address them. On their platform, as on any other, he is so gelid, precise, and sure-footed that many of his listen-

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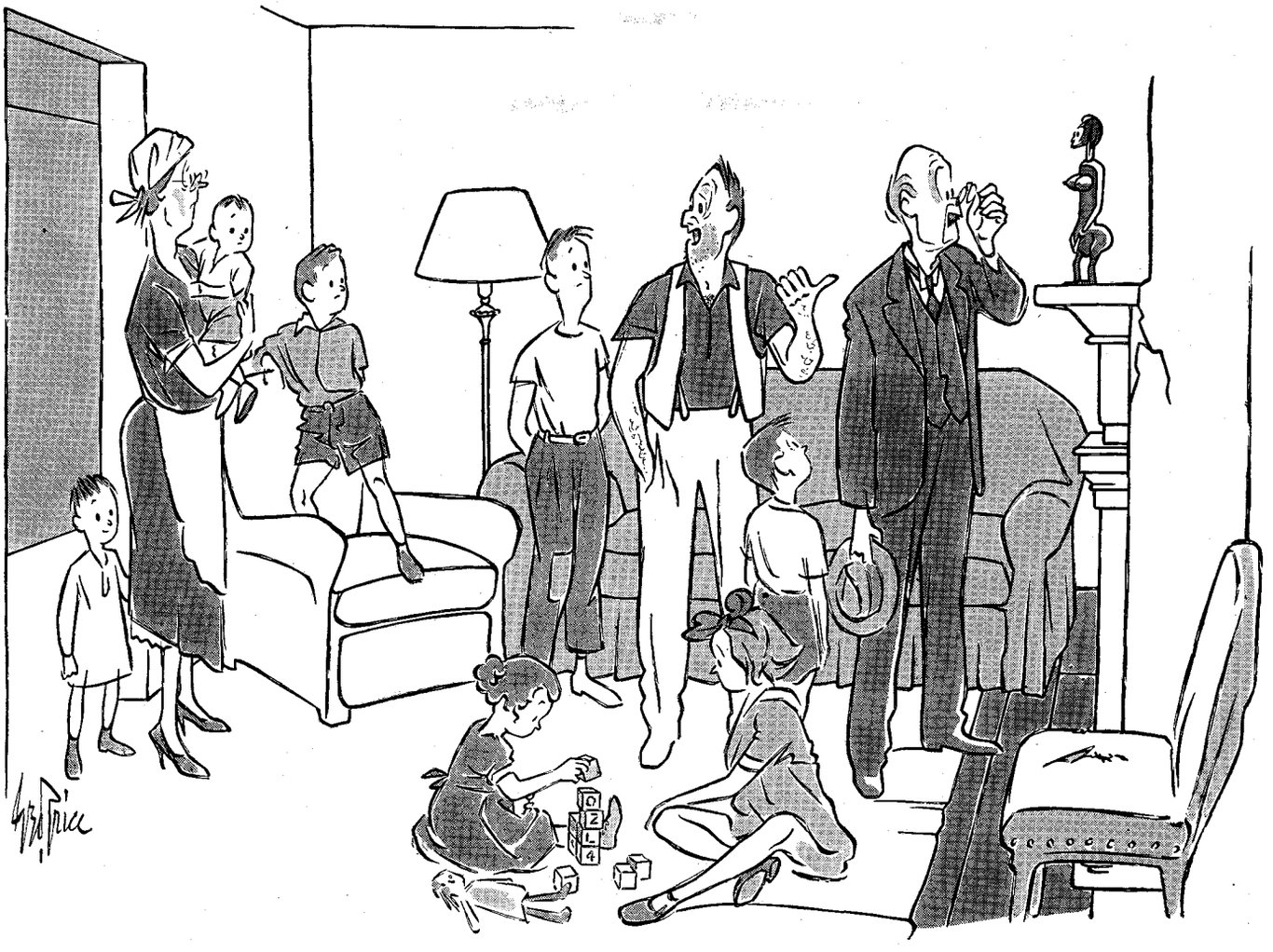

"Professor Caswell tells me this damn thing happens to be a Ubangi symbol of fertility."

from the hayloft through a chute that emptied into a large wooden trough, and he often saw us start the feed by pulling out a paddle in the chute. One night either Charlie or I neglected to fasten the door of his stall, and he was presently at large. To his bright mind, of course, the paddle was easy. Out it came, and down poured an avalanche of oats—a bushel, two bushels, and so on to eight or ten. It filled the trough and spilled over to the floor, but Frank was still young and full of ambition, and he buckled down to eat it all.

When Charlie and I found him in the morning he was swelled to the diameter of a washtub, his eyes were leaden, and his tongue was hanging out dismally, peppered with oats that he had failed to get down. "The staggers!" exclaimed Charlie, who had become by that time an eager but bad amateur horse doctor. "He's about to bust! There is only one cure. We must run him until it works off." So we squeezed poor Frank between the shafts of the gocart, leaped in, gave him the whip, and were off. Twice, getting down our hilly road to the pike, he sank to his foreknees, but both times we got him up, and thereafter, for three hours, we flogged him on. It was a laborious and painful business, and for once in his life Frank failed to laugh at his own joke. Instead, he heaved and panted as if every next breath were to be his last. We could hear his liver and lights rumbling as we forced him on. We were so full of sympathy for him that we quite forgot his burglary, but Charlie insisted that we had to be relentless, and so we were. It was nearing noon when we got back to the stable and decided to call it a day. Frank drank a bucket of water, stumbled into his stall, and fell headlong in the straw. We let him lie there all afternoon and all of the night following, and for three days thereafter we kept him on a strict diet of condition powders and Glauber's salt.

The bloating that disfigured him, when it began to go down at last, did not stop at normalcy, but continued until he was as thin as a dying mule, and that thinness persisted for weeks. There came with it, perhaps not unnaturally, a marked distaste for oats. His old voluptuous delight in them was simply gone. He would eat them if nothing else offered, but he never really enjoyed them again. For a year at least we might have made him free of a feed trough full of them without tempting him. What John thought of the episode we could never find out. My guess is that he was too dumb to make anything of it.

—H. L. MENCKEN

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Christian Science Monitor*]

I want the people of Boston to know that since I have held the office of mayor, I have never, unwittingly, permitted any winking at the law, or any violation of the law.

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PROFILES

ATLAS WITH IDEAS—I

Adolf Augustus Berle, Jr.

SURVEYING a world that is patently out of joint, Adolf Augustus Berle, Jr., never doubts that he was born to set it right. As an Assistant Secretary of State, he is now confidently engaged in figuring out a solution to a good many of the problems that will confront the postwar world. For almost anyone else this would be a full-time occupation; for Berle it is an extracurricular pursuit. His duties in the State Department are so numerous that he has to shape the future more or less on the fly. Among other things, he is expressly charged with keeping a departmental eye on our relations with Canada and Greenland, analyzing trends in international finance, planning negotiations with the various Allied governments-in-exile, and serving as liaison agent between the State Department and the gumshoe squads of the Army, Navy, and Department of Justice. It is still another function, however, that makes Berle, who is one of four Assistant Secretaries, unusually conspicuous in departmental affairs: he has the title of Drafting Officer and is responsible for writing the first drafts of practically all United States Government pronouncements on the international situation. Berle's prose is seldom used verbatim, since it tends to be too purple either for diplomatic correspondence or Presidential utterance. Unedited, his statements might often give the impression that the government is a little overwrought. Toned down by other members of the Department or by the President himself, they make, in the opinion of Berle's colleagues, model official documents.

Berle's writing assignment gets him into the Department's most momentous policy-making conferences. Since he joined up in 1938, he has been on deck with the President, Cordell Hull, and Sumner Welles for every crisis from Munich on. Perhaps as a consequence of sitting in on such gatherings, he is always inclined to think cosmically. A conversation with Berle may start out innocently with a discussion of gardening, his favorite avocation, but it will inevitably wander afield until it involves the whole universe. Just before the United States got into this war, a reporter asked Berle if he had made any plans for the world after it was over. Berle said he had no definite ones. "But," he added briskly, "I have several ideas. First, we'll take up what I call the Universal Theory, the subtitle of which might be termed a Modified Nationality. This theory proceeds on the twin theory that there can be neither war nor peace as matters now stand; there will always be a blending of the two until something is done. . . ." The reporter later said that he had no more chance of keeping up with Berle than the bloodhounds had of keeping up with Eliza when she started across the ice. Discoursing on such a persistently high level does not exhaust Berle as it might a less cerebral man. Sometimes, winding up a two-hour monologue, he remarks, like a prizefighter telling Mom it's been a waltz, that all the while he was talking he was thinking about something else.

Berle is one of the most indefatigable talkers in Washington. He has theories about everything, from delphiniums to banking, and even in periods of trying to be miserly with his time he completely loses track of it when the urge to articulate comes upon him. He speaks in a voice pitched so low that it transforms the most casual chat into a tête-à-tête. His "a"s are broad and his enunciation precise, and he bites into his words with the relish of a beaver going after his first tree of the season. Whatever his subject, he whispers along with an almost ecclesiastical solemnity, which he shatters now and then with a wheezy chuckle when one of his comments strikes him as droll. Although he isn't much bigger than a jockey, being slender and only five and a half feet high, he somehow manages to talk down to almost everyone he meets. He makes a ritual of greeting all except the most eminent folk with a murmurous acrimony that gets under the toughest skin. A psychologist might ascribe this habit to uncertainty or fear of rebuff, but Berle's victims usually have no great interest in his psyche, and those in Washington form a highly vocal opposition. They call him, in their kindlier moments, Little Atlas, because he is willing to shoulder as many of the burdens of the world as he gets wind of. He looks, however, neither Greek nor muscular. Small, neat, pale, with graying, lank hair, sharp features, and long teeth, he combines the outstanding characteristics of George Arliss as Disraeli and Charles Butterworth as himself.

Berle is convinced that there is too much practice and not enough theory in Washington. He has done his best to remedy that situation. Among the ideas he has enjoyed dabbling with are the purchase of Latin-American commodity surpluses by the United States to halt economic penetration of the Western Hemisphere by the Nazis; the establishment of an art exchange between the United States and Latin America to increase their "mutual appreciation for each other;" the encouragement of brotherly love as a force to overthrow dictatorship; a "Locarno on trade" to provide compensation for domestic manufacturers who lose business because of foreign trade treaties; the establishment of Plato's Ideal State as the ultimate goal of the nation; the nationalization of the United States banking system; the consecration of bankers to public service, with the consequent elimination of their interest in material gain; the transformation of the Stock Exchange into a quasi-public institution; the rearrangement of the economic system along ethical lines; and the assumption by Roosevelt of the leadership of all free peoples.

A quiet talker, Berle can nevertheless be unexpectedly melodramatic. When he is, he sounds like one of the characters in "Journey's End" making an obvious attempt to hide mighty emotions under a calm and thoughtful phrase. He has been known to end a discussion of the labor problem with the ominous observation that "blood will flow" and to inquire of journalists who are interviewing him about his postwar plans, "How brave are your publications? Have they got guts enough to take it?" What he expects the publications to take is the

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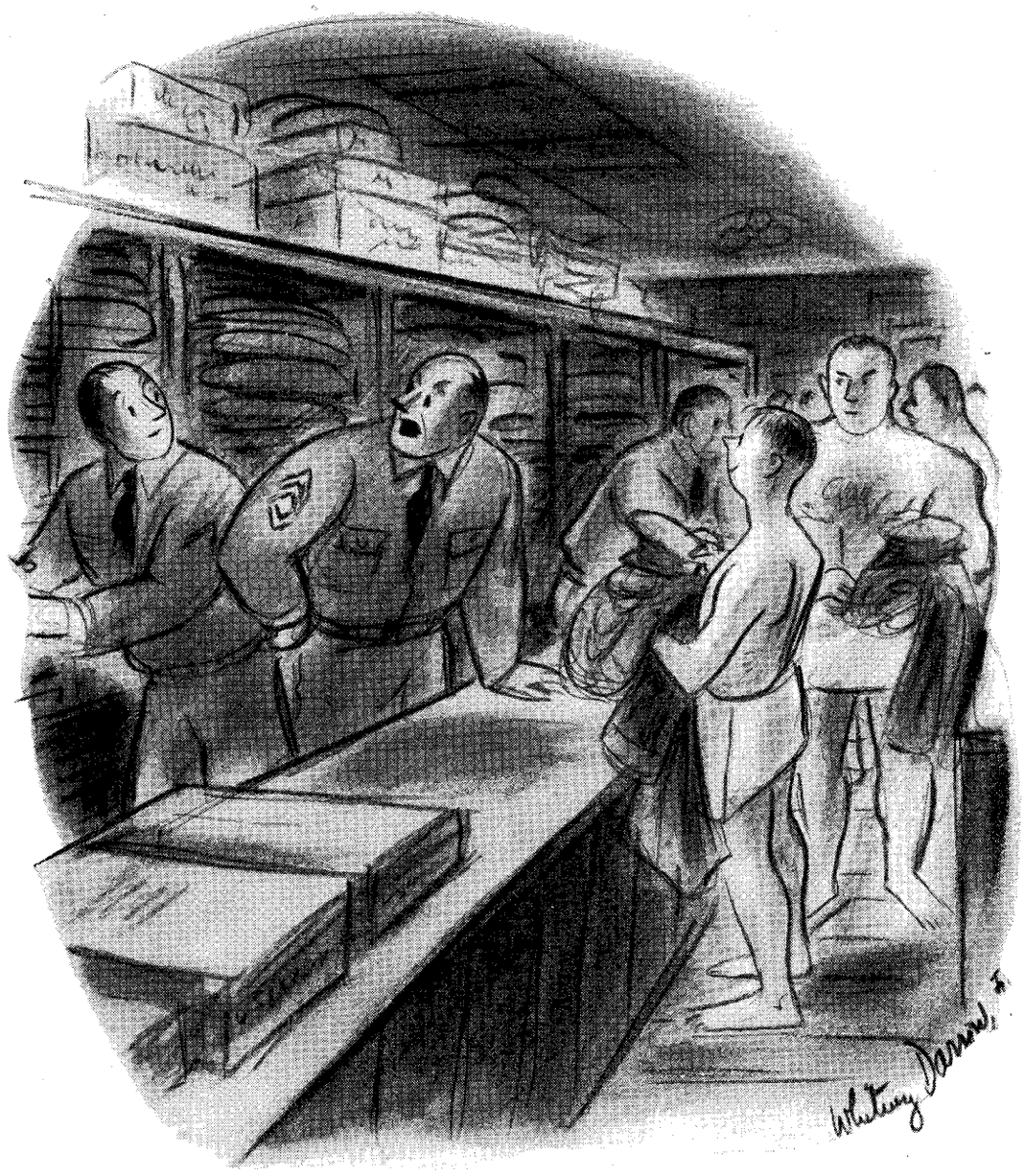
fact that the world will be in bad shape after the war.

Though he likes to talk in the vernacular now and then, he uses it with the apparent uneasiness of a preacher swearing a little to prove that he's a regular fellow. He has just as much difficulty with drawing-room small talk and is erratic about attending Washington soirées. When he does attend, he is temperate, aloof, and sedate, and always heads for home at an early hour. Even if he wanted to stay, it is unlikely that his wife would permit him to. The daughter of the late Cortlandt Field Bishop, the New York landowner and art patron, she is a practicing physician and watches over Berle with almost professional solicitude. She doesn't hesitate to tell visitors who drop in at the manor house the Berles have rented on the outskirts of Washington that they ought to leave before the Assistant Secretary is all tired out. Neither she nor Berle seems to have much use for people who do not realize that life is real and earnest, and levity among guests is not encouraged.

When the couple are alone, they are sedulously frolicsome. Sometimes they play tag around the house when Berle gets home from a hard day at the office. Mrs. Berle calls her husband Playmate and listens to him with the avidity of a Boswell. Her conviction that he is a monumental figure in American public life has been growing ever since he joined the Brain Trust ten years ago. Even in the years between 1934 and 1938, when he was City Chamberlain of New York, she spoke of him as if he were only a rung or two below Roosevelt politically. He took the appointive job of City Chamberlain merely so that he would have some sort of official berth while helping his friend Fiorello LaGuardia straighten out New York City's finances. He freely admitted that the post was superfluous and warmly recommended that it be abolished, as it eventually was. Because Berle is at his conversational best when bathing, Mrs. Berle, while they were still living in New York, installed twin bathtubs in their house on Gramercy Park so that she wouldn't miss any of his sudsy wisdom. In Washington their plumbing arrangements are orthodox. Although the Berles are sensitive about exposing their private lives, they often invite Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell to stop at their place when he is in Washington. Even when Winchell was only a retired yeoman, Berle had a vast respect for him, and he gives him credit for shaking the American public out of its lethargic attitude toward the war. "You know," he declared to a dinner companion recently, "Winchell initiated the defense effort by all those warnings of danger in his column."

TO describe Berle with accuracy and brevity, the Washington newspaper correspondents refer to him among themselves as The Brain. The designation is apt. For most of his forty-seven years he has been cultivating his intellect with such vigor that today he approaches the riddles of law, economics, and diplomacy with the boldness of an encyclopedist. Even in his moments of relaxation, which are few, he refuses to let his mind grow flabby. He reads the Latin classics in the original instead of bothering with detective stories, and when they pall he supplements them with expeditions into Greek, Italian, German, and Spanish. His facility in languages dates from his childhood in Boston. His father, an erudite Congregationalist minister, taught him to lisp in several tongues before he was out of rompers and drilled him so rigorously in other subjects that he was able to pass his entrance examinations for Harvard at the age of thirteen. Although Adolf was already conducting himself with the dignity of a savant, his father thought that the boy was too young for college, so he didn't toddle off to Harvard until 1909, when he was



"Never mind the razor."

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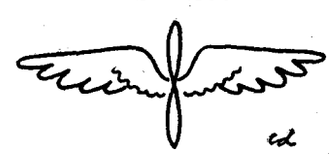
fourteen. Even so, he was one of the youngest students in the history of the university, and quite a to-do was made over him.

A boy who enters college at fourteen isn't likely to become a football star, a campus dandy, or a class politician. His fellow-students are intolerant of his youth and inclined to patronize him as a presumptuous spratling. Only by defiant exhibitions of learning can a young prodigy hope to demonstrate that he is not a child. Although Berle is now well along into middle age, he still has the prodigy's eagerness to display his mental magnificence. A couple of years ago he was asked by some New Deal associates to outline a program that would serve to guide a Congressional committee investigating some monopolies. He responded with a staggering 12,000-word memorandum, in which, around a plan for an entirely new banking system, he spun a web of suggestions which would have kept the committee in session for seventeen years. The Congressional investigators couldn't see making a life's work of the monopoly hearings, but the memorandum was widely advertised in the press. Berle enlivened his reflections on business and government by turning on the New Deal and criticizing its "shotgun imposition of regulation." The conservative newspapers liked that, and hailed Berle as one New Dealer who had both feet on the ground.

It is not only in such large matters as monopoly that Berle likes to throw his intellectual weight around. While he was City Chamberlain of New York, he was invited by Robert Moses, the Park Commissioner, to tour the harbor aboard a municipal tug that Moses used for inspections of his waterfront projects. On the trip he fell in with a dietician whom Moses had brought along to prepare a light lunch. Berle whispered to her with such intensity that one of Moses' assistants, a hard-bitten engineer, was moved to listen in on the conversation. After a few minutes of eavesdropping he sought out Moses. "Sweet God," he said in his rugged way. "He's telling her about transit unification. She'll think it's something indecent." Transit unification was only a minor worry for Berle when he was City Chamberlain. At that time his connection with the New Deal was still nebulous, but once he told a company of dinner guests that he was tired of the Roosevelt administration's dependence upon him. "I wish," he said, sighing, "that Washington would leave me alone. A man's got to have some time to himself. They can't expect me to get them out of every scrape they get into."

Berle feels put upon by a demanding world every once in a while. When the Munich crisis was in the making and just after Berle had been made an Assistant Secretary of State, an acquaintance remarked to him that he was looking very preoccupied. "Yes," murmured Berle wanly, "I am. It's really too much to ask one man to solve the problem of maintaining peace twice in twenty years." The first time Berle tried to function as a peacemaker was at the Versailles Conference. He was attached to the United States delegation as an expert on Russia, Poland, and the small Baltic countries. He gave up his job because he didn't like the turn the negotiations with Germany were taking. His resignation was considered an admirable gesture by other idealists of the period, but, according to observers, nobody at the conference seemed to know he had left. Nowadays Berle speaks of his departure as one of the high points of Versailles. When he contrasts himself with some of the New Dealers who are, in his opinion, still deplorably callow, he finds satisfaction in the fact that before they ever thought of entering government service, he had already, at the age of twenty-four, resigned an official post. "A man who has been through that sort of thing," he observes, "has a lot behind him in the way of experience. It wasn't easy. I might even have been arrested." Just who might have arrested him he has never made clear.



BERLE's position within the New Deal is somewhat anomalous. The inner circle includes none of his pals, and most New Dealers regard him with a combination of asperity and amusement. They say they resent his habit of transforming his private beliefs into universal truths and dislike his manner of dismissing offhand any notion that conflicts with his own preconceptions. They nevertheless admit that he is very bright indeed and they are unanimous in their esteem for "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," the book he wrote in 1932 in collaboration with Gardiner C. Means and which is the keystone of his reputation as a thinker. The reverence in which Berle's intimates hold "The Modern Corporation" is indicated by the fact that they usually refer to it simply as His Book. In it, Berle, with the help of Means, endeavors to demonstrate that the modern corporation has become an oligarchic institution, almost independent of its stockholders and powerful enough to do battle with the state. The strong men of our age, as Berle sees it, are the corporation managers, who exercise almost complete control over a huge percentage of the nation's commercial wealth. Agreeing that Berle has something there, many economists, both radical and conservative, take exception to his theory that the present corporate system is at the same time durable and revolutionary. To the left of Berle there are dissidents who are certain that the whole setup is heading rapidly and inevitably for the rocks; to his right are those who refuse to believe that property-owners can be pushed around indefinitely by their hired hands, the managers. Moving easily down the middle road with his theory, Berle reaches a happy conclusion. "It is conceivable," he

THERE WILL BE SUMMERS....

You who take up the cross of this old crime,
The wage of sin that never was your sin,
And mount this stony hill that is your time,
Leaving the broad, green lands you loitered in,
And leaving there your youth, your love, your joy,
In the name of sweeter nights and days that lie
Beyond this darkness, where some girl and boy
Will walk these ways beneath a later sky,

Think how, in that grave summer yet to come,
Two will go there, whose names you never heard,
Their cool hands linked, their lips too strangely dumb
For any language but a choking word,
And come on sudden sweetness in that air,
On joy, on love, put by and waiting there.

—DAVID MORTON

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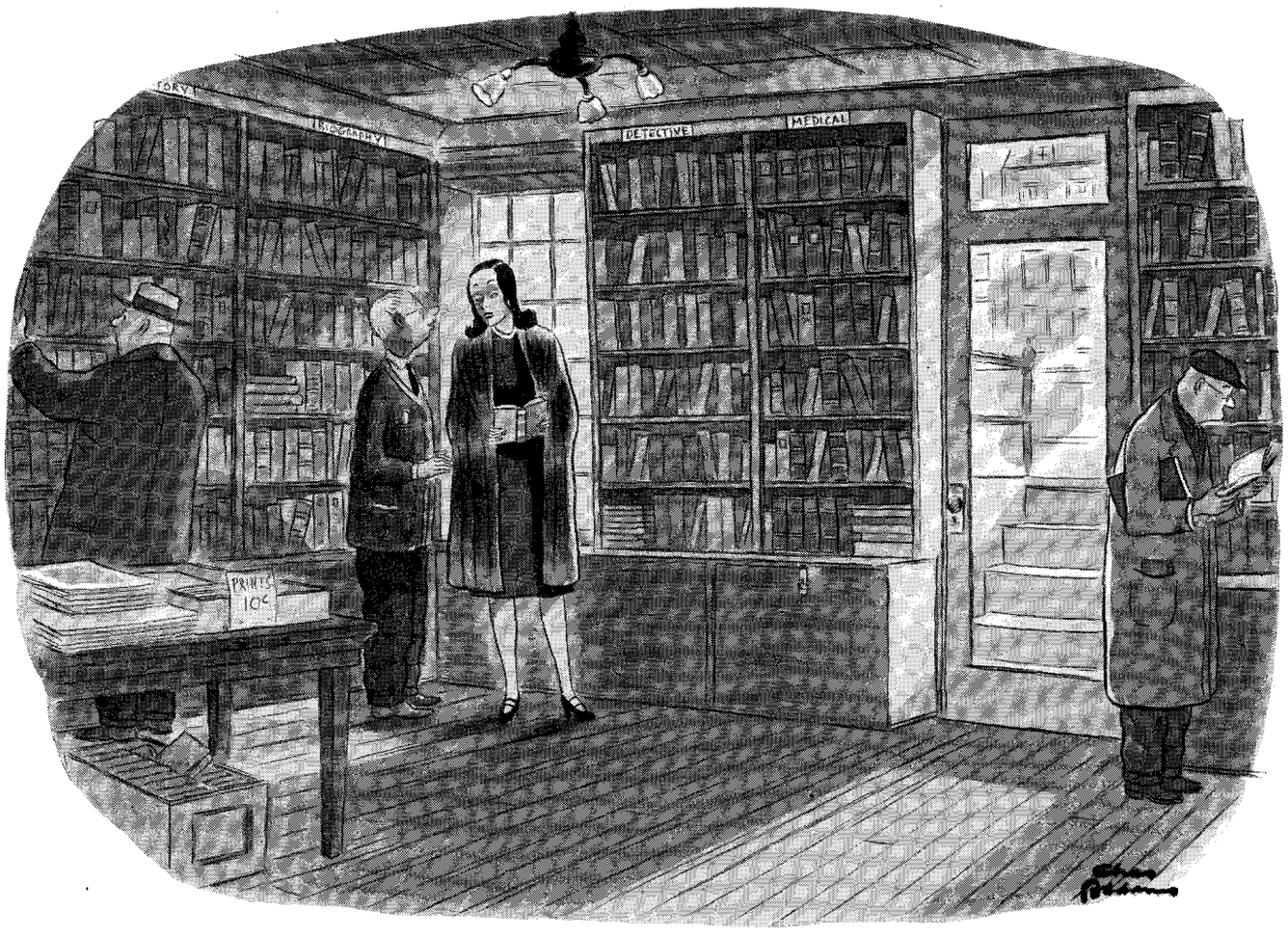

"Do you have one in which a wife murders her husband in a very ingenious manner?"

• •

when a feeble-minded hired girl left it open, he was in the yard instantly and made a killing that still lives in the family tradition. Rather curiously, he did not molest the pear tree, but by the time he was chased back to his own ground he had devoured a bed of petunias, all my mother's best dahlias, the better part of a grapevine, and the whole of my father's mint patch. I have been told by eminent horse-lovers that horses never touch mint, but I am here dealing not with a horse but with a Shetland pony. Frank gradually acquired many other strange appetites—for example, one for ice cream. Every time it was on tap in the house he would smell it and begin to stamp and whinny, and in the end it became the custom to give him whatever happened to be left. Once, when the hired girl got salt into it and the whole batch was spoiled, he devoured all of it—probably a gallon and a half—and then drank two buckets of water. He also ate oranges (skin and all), bananas (spitting out the skin), grapes, asparagus, and sauerkraut. One day Charlie tried him with a slab of rat-trap cheese, but he refused it. Another day Charlie gave him a piece of plug tobacco wrapped in a cabbage leaf, but again without success. This last trick, in fact, offended him and he sought revenge at once. When he bit through the cabbage into the tobacco he gave a sudden and violent cough, and the plug hit Charlie in the eye.

WHEN we were in the country in summer Frank had my father's horse, John, for a stablemate, and they got on together well enough, though it was plain to see that Frank regarded John as an idiot. This was a reasonable judgment, for John, who was a trotter, was actually very backward mentally, and could be easily scared. Whenever the two were in pasture together Frank would alarm John by bearing down on him at a gallop, as if about to leap over him. This would set John to running away, and Frank would pursue him all over the pasture, whinnying and laughing. John himself could no more laugh than he could read and write. He was a tall, slim sorrel with a long, narrow head, and was so stupid that he even showed no pride in his speed, which was considerable. Life to him was a gloomy business, and he was often in the hands of horse doctors. If there was a stone on the road he always picked it up, and when we were in the country and Charlie and I had charge of him we never bedded him down for the night without investigating his frogs. In the course of an average summer we recovered at least twenty nails from them, not to mention burrs and splinters. Like most valetudinarians, he lived to a great age. After my father's death we sold him to an animal show that had winter quarters in Baltimore, and he spent his last years as a sort of companion to a herd of trained zebras. The zebras, I heard, had a lot of fun with him.

One night in the country, an hour or so after midnight, there was a dreadful

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kicking and grunting in our stable, and my father and Charlie and I turned out to inquire into it. We found John standing in the middle of his box stall in a pitiable state of mind, his coat ruffled and his eyes staring. Frank, next door, was apparently sleeping soundly. We examined John from head to foot, but could find nothing wrong, so we contented ourselves with giving him a couple of random doses from his enormous armamentarium of medicine bottles and talking to him in soothing tones. He seemed quite all right in the morning, and my father drove him to and from town, but that night there was another hullabaloo in the stable, and we had to turn out again. On the day following, John was put to grass and Charlie and I went for a colored horse doctor in Cross Keys, a nearby village. He advised us to throw away all of John's medicines and prescribed instead a mild course of condition powders, with a handful of flaxseed once a day. This treatment was begun instantly, but that night the same dreadful noises came from the stable, and again the night following, and again the night after that, and so on for a week. Two or three other horse doctors were called in during that time, but they were all baffled, and John took to looking seedy and even mangy. Meanwhile, my father began to suffer seriously from the interruptions to his sleep, and talked wildly of having the poor horse shot and his carcass sent to a glue factory. Also, he began to discover unpleasant weaknesses in his old friend Herman Ellis, from whom John had been bought. Ellis hitherto had been held up to Charlie and me as a model, but now it appeared that he drank too much, kept two sets of books, was a Methodist, and ought to be expelled from the Freemasons.

Charlie and I, talking the business over at length, came to the conclusion eventually that there must be more to it than met the eye, and so decided to keep watch at the stable. There was already floating through our minds, I think, some suspicion of Frank, for we were at pains to prevent him learning what we were up to. At our bedtime we sneaked into the carriage house on tiptoe and there made ourselves bunks in the family Dayton wagon. We were soon sound asleep, but at the usual time we were aroused by a great clomping and banging in the stalls adjoining and turned out to take a stealthy look. It was a moonlight night, and enough of the gentle glare was filtering into the stable to give us an excellent view. What we saw scarcely surprised us. All the uproar, we discovered, was being made by Frank, not by John. Frank was having a whale of a time flinging his heels against the sides of his stall. The noise plainly delighted him, and he was laughing gaily. Presently poor John, waking in alarm, leaped to his feet and began to tremble. At this Frank gave a couple of final clouts and then lay down calmly and went to sleep—or at all events appeared to. But John, trying with his limp mind to make out what was afoot, kept on trembling, and was, in fact, still half scared to death when we announced our presence and tried to comfort him.

My father had arrived by this time, his slippers flapping, his suspenders hanging loose, and blood in his eye, and we soon made him understand what had happened. His only comment was "Well, I'll be durned!," repeated twenty or thirty times. We soon had a bridle on Frank, with a strap rigged from it to his left hind leg, and if he tried any more kicking that night he knocked himself down, which was certainly no more than he deserved. But we heard no more noise, nor was there any the next night, or the next, or the next. After a week we removed the strap and then sat up again to see what would happen. But nothing happened, for Frank had learned his lesson. At some time or other while the strap was on, I suppose, he had tried a kick and gone head over heels in his stall. He was, as I have said, a smart fellow, and there was never any need to teach him the same thing twice. Thereafter, until the end of the summer, he let poor John sleep in peace. My father fired all the horse doctors, white and black, and threw out all their remedies. John recovered quickly, and a little while later did a mile on the Pimlico road in 2:17½—not a bad record, for he was pulling a steel-tired buggy with my father and me in it and the road was far from level.

IN that same stable, the next summer, Frank indulged himself in a jape which came near costing him his life. To recount it I must describe briefly the layout of the place. He inhabited a box stall with a low wall, and in that wall was a door fastened by a movable wooden cleat. He was in the habit of hanging his head over the door and drooling lubricously while Charlie and I were preparing his feed. This feed came down

THOUGHTS THOUGHT AFTER A BRIDGE PARTY

All women are pets,
But most women shouldn't be allowed to open a package of cigarettes.
I call down blessings on their bonny heads,
But they can't open a package of cigarettes without tearing it to shreds.
Of the two sexes, women are much the subtler,
But the way they open a package of cigarettes is comparable to opening a bottle of wine by cracking it on the butler.
Women are my inspiration and my queen,
But as long as they can rip the first cigarette from the package, they don't care what happens to the other nineteen.
Women are my severest friend,
But the last nineteen cigarettes in packages opened by them are not only bent but sere and withered and the tobacco is dribbling out at either end.
Women are creatures of ingenuity and gumption,
Which is why, when they finish one cigarette, they leave the mutilated nineteen cigarettes for some man and go to work on a fresh package, thus leaving thirty-eight mutilated cigarettes for masculine consumption.
Women are ethereal beings, subsisting entirely on chocolate-marshmallow sundaes and cantaloupe,
But they open up a package of cigarettes like a lioness opens up an antelope.

—OGDEN NASH

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ONE on the HOUSE to the Traveling Man!

This country was built by a man with a portmanteau — a traveler, a tall talker, a man with something to say, and with something important to sell.

Probably the most colorful of this country's early traveling men were the machinery and machine tool salesmen. A century or more ago, the journeys of these men were often as protracted as a whaler's voyage, and sometimes more dangerous. For the farthest frontier outpost was the end of their line, and they got there (in order of luxury) by steamboat, schooner, canal boat, stage coach, Conestoga wagon, horseback . . . and even on foot.

One of these early machine tool salesmen tended bar in a frontier tavern, when he ran out of funds "on the road," while another rode back on a fine white horse — part payment on a new water works for the frontier city of St. Louis!

But they got there, and back — and all of American industry and its products are testament that they had something important to sell!

* * *

Today, the men with something to sell are more important to this country than ever before. For America faces a post-war frontier more formidable and more promising than any since the story began.

Hence, it is a matter of great importance that business executives realize what the modern machine tool salesman has to offer.

The men who sell Jones & Lamson precision machine tools represent a company offering service that is the product of over a century of continuous machine tool design. That service is available to you *now and every day*, in considering the difficult problems of today, and those that lie ahead.

JONES & LAMSON
MACHINE COMPANY
Springfield, Vermont, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Ram & Saddle Type Universal Turret Lathes . . . Fay Automatic Lathes . . . Automatic Thread Grinding Machines . . . Comparators . . . Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers

Profit-Producing Machine Tools

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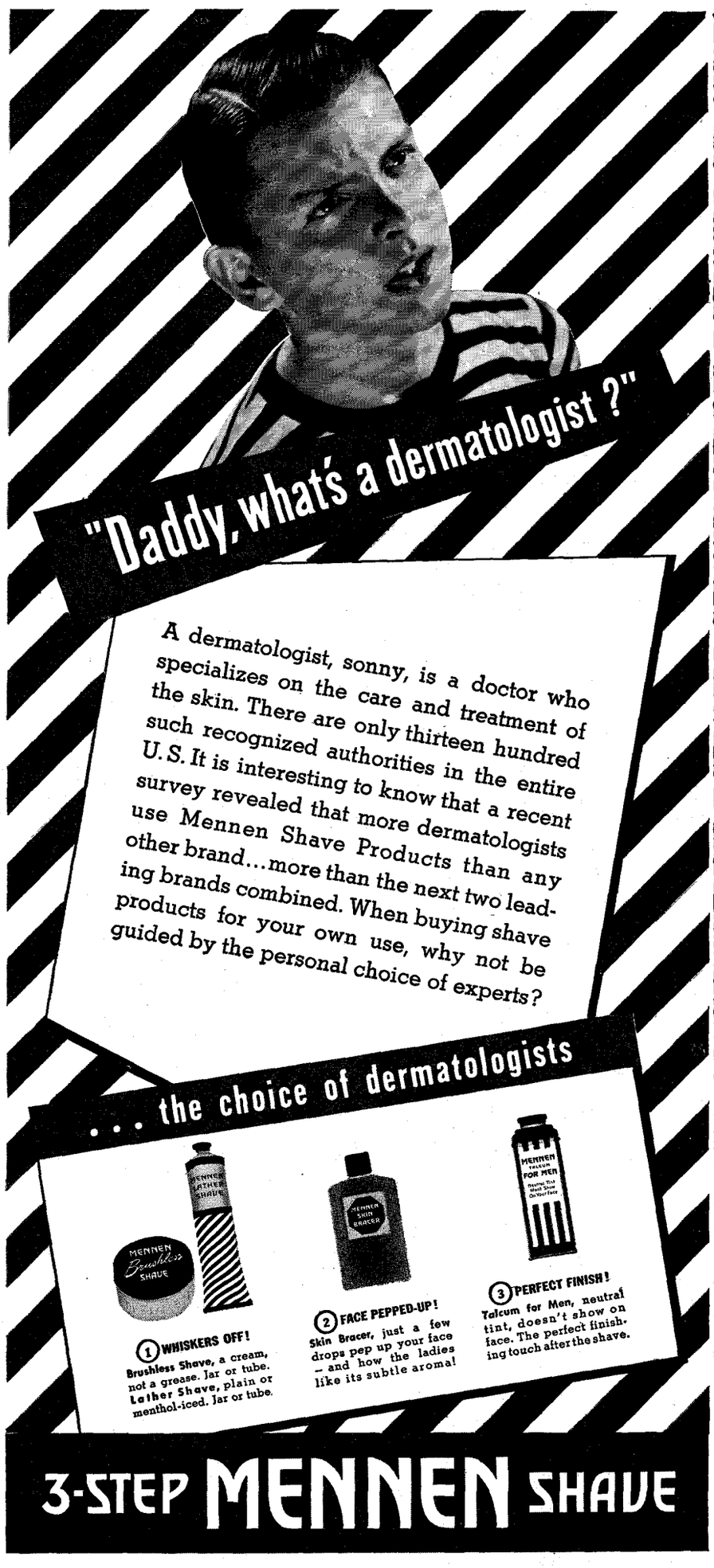
"Daddy, what's a dermatologist?"
A dermatologist, sonny, is a doctor who specializes on the care and treatment of the skin. There are only thirteen hundred such recognized authorities in the entire U.S. It is interesting to know that a recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of experts?
. . . the choice of dermatologists
MENNEN Brushless SHAVE
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN SKIN BRACER
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
1 WHISKERS OFF! Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.
2 FACE PEPPED-UP! Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face – and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!
3 PERFECT FINISH! Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.
3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

ers get the uneasy feeling that he will give them an oral quiz immediately after his discourse. He usually admonishes the Young Democrats to support Roosevelt and the administration, something they would always do anyhow. The monotony of his theme doesn't trouble them. For the Young Democrats, his speeches are a guarantee that they won't be neglected by the newspapers.

Berle claims he is a hardboiled realist in politics. He may indulge in cloudy speculations on the future, but here and now, he insists, he is a coldly practical man. For instance, when, in 1937, both he and Mayor LaGuardia thought that he would make a superb City Comptroller, the unwritten law that when the Mayor is a Protestant from Manhattan the Comptroller must be a Catholic from Brooklyn or Queens stood in his way. Berle soon figured out a simple method of getting around that obstacle. If Joseph D. McGoldrick, the candidate for Comptroller, and Newbold Morris, who wanted to be president of the Council, would withdraw, he could, he felt, get a Catholic from Brooklyn or Queens to replace Morris and could take over the Comptrollership himself. He enthusiastically outlined his plan to McGoldrick and Morris over highballs at The Players. It would be patriotic, he pointed out, for them to consent, since it would bring the city government, through himself, into closer alignment with the national administration. He was hurt by the disfavor with which McGoldrick and Morris received his scheme. It was not the first time Berle had proposed that a candidate abandon a political campaign to make him happy. When Robert Moses was running for the governorship on the Republican ticket in 1934, Berle blandly suggested that he give up instead of struggling against the New Deal favorite, Herbert Lehman. Moses' reply was coarse, but it was mild compared with what he said two days later when he received a telegram from Berle's father, whom he had never met, repeating Adolf, Jr.'s, advice. "I thought they had me surrounded," Moses commented a while ago when a friend recalled the incident. Berle has always been annoyed with Moses. Before Berle went to Washington to join the State Department in 1938, after his job as City Chamberlain was finally abolished by the new municipal charter, he was temporarily head of the New York City Planning Commission. He was not very active, and, consequently, during his tenure,

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the plans for several of Moses' municipal projects were held up, which further strained relations between them. As Berle was leaving, he made a final attempt to belittle Moses. "It's all right for you to spend your time on street dedications," he said, "but *I'm* going to settle the Chinese problem."

WHEN Berle went into the State Department, he announced that he was planning to "do some dreaming." Most of the country's liberals were confident that between dreams he would find time to champion the anti-Axis cause and sidestep the cane-and-top-hat school of diplomacy. Although he hasn't completely done the second, he has certainly done the first, even though only six months earlier, when the lines between isolationism and interventionism were less sharply drawn, he had told a Harvard conference on foreign affairs that "name-calling diplomacy" (the President had not long before made his "quarantine" speech in Chicago) would have to stop. At that time he condemned European diplomacy for imagining that great populations could be "permanently held in inferior status" and warned against any attempt at intervention by us in the affairs of other nations. "Were we to enter warfare against the three allied powers of Germany, Italy, and Japan, were we to be overwhelmingly victorious, were every military and diplomatic factor completely under our control," he proclaimed, "we should find ourselves no nearer victory than before." Like many another former isolationist, Berle is now doing his best to help win the war. The opinions he expresses today have the same infallible tone as the opinions he expressed before Munich. The side that Berle is on, it would seem, is always the right side. Even his friends complain that his faith in his own rectitude tends to make him impatient with the fallibility of others. Ever since his childhood at Harvard he has had the habit of gazing on his associates with the critical eye of one whose virtue cannot be assailed. "He has," an acquaintance recently pointed out, "not one redeeming vice." —JOHN MCCARTEN

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Berle.*)

•

Other women in the town went to meetings about this and that, and Nancy Riddale stayed in New York to take poison gas and bombs once a week.—*From a story in Redbook.*

Sluggish liver?

The largest exclusive furrier in Old New York
277 Grand St.
Trencher
presents blue-black Mink, aristocrat of fine furs . . . in a smart tuxedo front, full-length coat. Superbly custom-tailored.
$2250
Write for booklet "How Trencher Makes a Fur Coat" — an excellent guide in the selection of fine furs.

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THE THEATRE

OUR MISS MERMAN

PROBABLY it all began when Herbert or Dorothy Fields picked up a newspaper and read about a man who could receive radio programs with his teeth. I forget now just how this miracle was accomplished, except there he would be, walking along, bothering nobody, when suddenly a wild, private music would shiver his molars, and thereafter his footsteps down the street would be syncopated and peculiar. Anyway, the Fields, Dorothy and Herbert, read this not necessarily bogus item and said with one voice, "Now *there's* an idea for a musical comedy!" And, by the God of Moses, it was.

While this is the most original note in "Something for the Boys," at the Alvin, there is a good deal of other interesting merchandise on display—some of Cole Porter's second-best music, quite a few beautiful girls all covered with sequins, scenery so ingenious that once a bombing plane seems to be coming right at you over the footlights (an effect, I guess, that you either like very much or loathe), and a cast including Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, Betty Bruce, Betty Garrett, Jed Prouty, William Lynn, Bill Johnson, and Ethel Merman.

These are all fine people, but Miss Merman, as I may have said too often before, is a wonderful one. There are presumably other girls as whimsically out of drawing—the only way, for instance, that I can account for Miss Merman's shoulders is that she wears epaulets; there are others who can ramble through a plot with the same genial air of not knowing or caring what the hell it's all about; there may even be ladies equally expert at making a pretty bad song sound like a very good one, though none, I should say, with such a hair-raising voice for the purpose. But, on the whole, there is nobody quite like this Merman, or even a reasonable facsimile of her.

Considered without reference to its star, "Something for the Boys" is better than most musical comedies we've been seeing these days, but certainly not to be compared with some of the famous ones of the past. In addition to the musical teeth, the Fields have contrived a story that has something to do with an inherited mansion in Texas, a triangular love affair, and some nonsense about an assembly line—or, you might say, one of those books that won't hurt you if you don't pay too much attention to it. Mr. Porter's music and lyrics are all right with me, though now and then I miss the eerie complexity of the old rhymes and even feel that the master is less inclined to be flippant about love than he was in the days when he was writing hymns to the sex life of the bean and the cod. However, such pieces as "Hey, Good Lookin'," "He's a Right Guy," and "I'm in Love with a Soldier Boy" are pretty enough for any reasonable man, and something called "By the Mississinewa," an Indian lyric of sorts executed by Miss Merman and Miss Laurence, is surely memorable enough in its queer way to trouble your dreams.

The performances of the subsidiary workers in Miss Merman's vineyard can be classified briefly. Mr. Jenkins looks and behaves precisely as he does in the movies; Miss Laurence, who has been described by Charles Chaplin as the funniest woman in the world, is at any rate one of the ten funniest; Mr. Lynn, who has apparently spent most of his adult life in "Three Men on a Horse," proves to my mild astonishment that he is an excellent comedian under any circumstances; Bill Johnson sings agreeably to Miss Merman—about love, as I recall; and Betty Bruce and Betty Garrett dance and sing energetically for your entertainment.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

"THE THREE SISTERS"

Ruth Gordon, upper left in the picture, is just one of the reasons Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, and Gertrude Musgrove are never going to get to Moscow. The Chekhov revival is at the Ethel Barrymore.

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In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin★

★Circulation over 600,000—the largest evening newspaper in America
(Advertisement)

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THE ARMY LIFE

XXV—OVER THE HILL

A FRIEND of mine in the United States, having heard that I had been sent from Australia to New Guinea as a member of an American task force, wrote me a letter from which I gathered that he thought New Guinea was one of the Solomon Islands, and another friend of mine at home, writing with the same geographical abandon, inquired solicitously whether I got back to Australia frequently for weekends. I grow more and more doubtful that certain people at home will ever get over the notion that going from Australia to New Guinea is no more difficult than going from Manhattan to Long Island in the days before the Triborough Bridge was built, or that travelling from one point to another in New Guinea isn't much more of a problem than it would be to make an overland march from, say, Great Neck to Jones Beach.

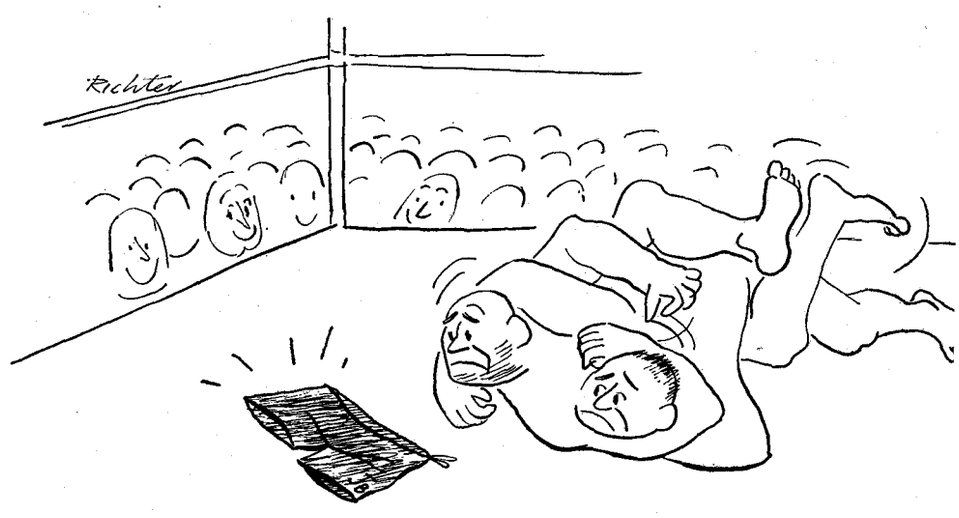
We soldiers who have been taking part in the campaign against the Japs in that eastern section of New Guinea called Papua are only too distinctly aware that all Papua is divided into two parts, the line of demarcation being the knife-ridged Owen Stanley Mountains. Perhaps it's provincial of us, but we have the feeling that these peaks have assumed a military importance that few others have had since Hannibal glorified the Alps. All the fighting the Americans have done against the Japs has been on the northern side of the range, and accordingly it is of great interest to any detachment of troops on the southern side to learn that they are going "over the hill," a phrase that has other connotations among soldiers in the States. Some of our men have gone all the way across the Owen Stanleys on foot, a tortuous and incredibly difficult trek. Others of us, including myself, have been luckier and have been ferried across by plane.

My unit pulled out of its camp in southern Papua early one morning, before one of the unbelievably colorful sunrises peculiar to this area had had a chance to impose itself decoratively on the sky and before the mosquitoes had tired of occupying our beds and hummed off to spend the day resting up in their own. We rolled our packs by flashlight and knocked down our tents by guesswork, accomplishing these tasks with only minor accidents. One involved an orderly, who, while closing a trunk, inadvertently but securely locked into it several square yards of a large tent, then disappeared with the key in his pocket, while a half dozen of the rest of us, unaware of all that, were trying hurriedly to disassemble the tent and fold it up. Everybody was very calm about going except one soldier who, a day earlier, had bought forty-eight precious cans of sliced peaches. Determined not to abandon his treasure if he could help it, he was trying, with the superhuman endurance sometimes exhibited by ordinary men during extraordinary crises, to eat them all at one sitting.

It was just beginning to get light when we piled onto trucks and rode out to the airport, where transport planes were waiting for us. We noticed that some of them were planes that had flown us up to the island from Australia. Almost all the transports in this area have names painted on them, and anybody who has ever made a journey on a ship affectionately labelled Dirty Gertie or Foitle Moitle is not apt to forget her. Though invariably feminine in gender, these planes have far fewer frills about them than their commercial counterparts in the States. Instead of seats, there are, along each side, metal benches with concave depressions in them at intervals—not, it is painfully obvious, to accommodate a soldier's anatomy but for the benefit of parachute troops, who have to sit on their chute packs while riding. We didn't carry chutes.

We soon took off and headed across country, seemingly losing altitude as we approached the mountains. Actually, of course, the ground was rising up beneath us, and at times, even though we were more than ten thousand feet up, we could see peaks above us on both sides. We reached our destination in less than an hour. If we had had to march through the thick, clinging jungle that formed a solid mass of green beneath us, we'd have been doing well to make the trip in six weeks. From the air the strip on which we landed looked like a small firebreak. It had been cleared by engineers who had gone ahead of us on foot. We circled over it a couple of times and finally came in, roaring down a path cut through the forest and bouncing to a landing on a bumpy, narrow, grassy lane that served as an airport. We unloaded, marched down a trail to the beach a few miles away, and then boarded native outrigger canoes, which were to take us to a trawler anchored in deeper water a couple of hundred yards offshore, which in turn was to move us up the coast a few miles to our new base.

THE adventures of the American army in the hinterland of New Guinea are full of such contrasts between the ancient and the modern as our sudden shift, within a few hours, from a sleek transport plane to a native outrigger. The outrigger here is a hollowed-out log, turned into a reasonably serviceable boat by the addition of, first, a long, slim wooden pole which projects from one side and rests as a support on the surface of the water some eight or ten feet from the hull, and, second, a raftlike platform of braided strips of wood tied together with vines and placed on top of the dugout. When we first saw a fleet of these outlandish craft and realized that we and all our equipment were to travel on them, we were rather skeptical, and kept looking hopefully up and down the coast for something just a bit newer, like a Chris-Craft. Later, when we saw some native boatbuilders digging at a huge log with chisels, we realized that these canoes were 1943 models and what we had taken for a ridiculously archaic means



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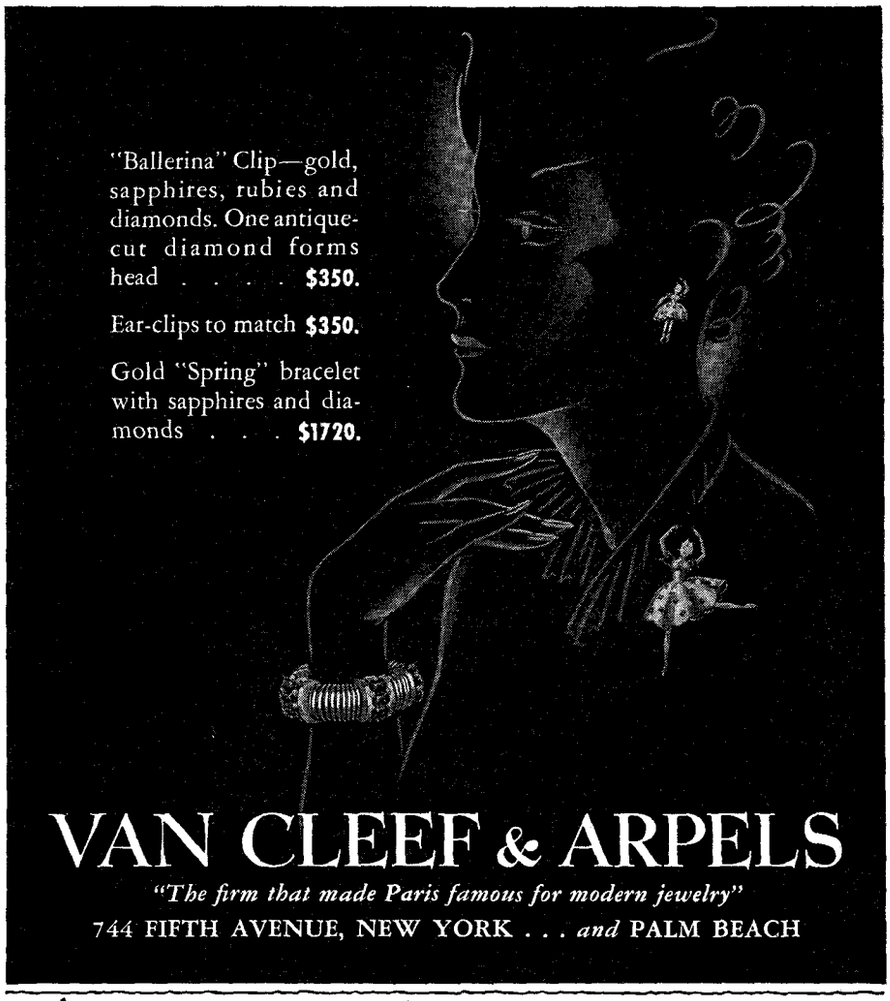
of travel was the most up-to-date the region had to offer.

In the weeks that followed, we came to appreciate the outriggers. Small and slow as they were, they were often the only things we had in which to move up our supplies. I made a five-hour trip up the coast in an outrigger one day to where we had established an advance base in a native village. Four other people took part in this expedition—a lieutenant who had been weakened by a siege of malaria and as a result became seasick and fell into a deep sleep punctuated only by an unconscious determination to slide off the raft into the water, where there were supposed to be sharks that would be delighted to have him join them; and three native paddlers, two of whom spoke no English at all. The third, a comparative scholar, could understand simple commands and had a vocabulary consisting of "O.K." and "Thank you," which he used in alternation every chance he got. He broke up his repeated professions of assent and gratitude by a plaintive chant that bore no resemblance whatever to "O Sole Mio."

Next to grabbing the lieutenant whenever he seemed disposed to tumble overboard, my chief duty was to keep our outrigger upright. Outrigger poles, though ostensibly attached to steady the native craft, seem remarkably unstable themselves, since the slightest inadvertent motion of anyone aboard one of these canoes very nearly capsizes it. In order to maintain them on an even keel, assuming they have keels, it is necessary to rearrange everything and everyone from time to time, depending on the direction of the wind and other variable factors. Our craft was occupied not only by the lieutenant, myself, and the paddlers but by a number of heavy cases of ammunition, which were too heavy to shove back and forth. It therefore fell upon me to squirm sideways whenever we appeared in danger of foundering, which was most of the time. The greatest single threat to our stability was the approach of a convoy of two native-filled canoes proceeding in the opposite direction. As they drew near, our crew stood up excitedly, waved their paddles, and began to jabber away at the other natives in incomprehensible but apparently endearing terms. This emotional outburst affected me perhaps more than it did the approaching natives. Whereas they merely jabbered and waved in return, I was compelled to weave from side to side like a bobsled pilot to keep us all from capsizing.

It was a long, slow trip. Japanese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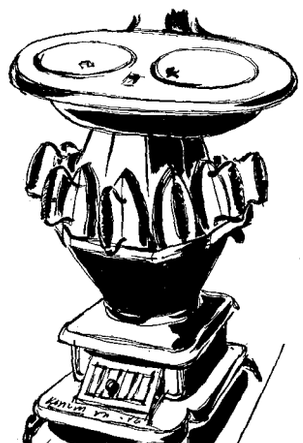
destroyers were rumored to be in the vicinity, and we prudently hugged the coastline, feeling that it would be rash to venture into more open waters with an armament of one pistol and one rifle. There was always the danger, too, of a few inquisitive Zeros gliding down and using us for a little close-range target practice. Eventually we reached the native village we were heading for and plowed through the surf up to the beach, where the lieutenant, now awake, and I unloaded our cargo and dismissed our canoe as you might take leave of a taxi-driver.

THE natives who have been helping our troops are all men, serving either as sailors or porters. Many of them have moved up the trails with us a long way from their palm-shaded villages and their families. At each stop, however, we meet, and employ as bearers, other native men who are in residence with their families, and these groups make an interesting spectacle as they walk down a path. The men go first, unburdened and flamboyantly sensible of their superiority to the women. The women follow along silently under the weight of big sacks of bananas, mangoes, coconuts, and babies, mixed more or less at random. Along with a fairly domesticated pig or two, the fat-bellied children bring up the rear of the procession, skipping along among the trees that flank the path, nibbling at a piece of fruit picked off Mother's back, and sometimes, during long halts, sailing toy boats in tropical creeks just as if they were in Central Park.

This is essentially a male's world, and on an important occasion, like the natives' payday, the women withdraw discreetly to the sidelines. The men who have been working for us assemble in single file and parade expectantly to a grass hut, in front of which they stand in line to receive the provisions with which they are partly rewarded for their efforts in the Allies' behalf. At one such ceremony I attended recently, most of the natives wore their customary garb of a rather dirty loin cloth, but there were a few splendid sartorial exceptions. Four of them, responsible boys who were allowed to pack rifles, were clad in navy blue shirts and skirts, and one, a handsome figure who was clearly a leader among men, stalked out of the hut in dazzling white underclothes, the envy of every native within sight. He was the paymaster, I later learned. As the lesser natives trudged by him, he handed each one a can of meat and two long sticks of the harsh trading tobacco on which they somehow thrive. I was impressed by the quiet and orderly nature of the performance, and commented on it to an Australian standing nearby. "Yes," he said, "they're docile and friendly now." He paused slightly, then added, "A year ago they'd have eaten you."

WE have lived, from time to time, in villages recently deserted by the natives because of the war but retaining such embellishments as the huge and beautiful butterflies, high-voltage fireflies, whirring yellow-necked pheasants, noisy white parakeets, and the myriad insects that inhabit the region. A new feature of many of the native villages in New Guinea is the foxhole, something we soldiers have contributed in large numbers as a precaution against enemy planes. We have found our foxholes extremely useful on more than one occasion and sometimes duck into them even when we don't actually have to, since it is difficult in jungle territory, where the trees obscure your view of the planes you hear, to tell whose aircraft are cruising overhead. One of the commonest questions these days, even when the visiting planes are visible to all, is "Are they ours?" Pending a positive answer, the best policy, whenever the sound of motors gets ominously loud, is to clamber into a hole. The day I heard somebody yell "Zeros!"—a warning we all respect—and automatically jumped into a trench which happened to be filled to knee depth with water, I was almost disappointed, on peeking up from my damp shelter, to see that the planes were ours. Being wet up to the knees, however, is nothing to complain about in this unpleasantly moist part of the world. It is not considered unusual to be wet up to the waist a good deal of the time, and the only object a soldier can carry in one



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of his pants pockets with any real satisfaction is a sponge.

The fact that many of the native villages have been abandoned has really worked to our advantage, since we have been able to use their huts. These are, as a person might expect, one-room dwellings on stilts, covered by leafy roofs and equipped with floors conspicuous for their incompleteness. The flooring is of split bamboo, and there are usually substantial gaps in the surface. For some time I lived, surrounded by stilts, underneath one of these houses, while some of my pals lived upstairs. I attached my mosquito netting to the underside of the floor and placed my bedding on the ground, and whenever one of the fortunate individuals billeted upstairs walked around, a shower of dust sifted down on me, much of it into my eyes. I began to think bitterly that if the local architects had only been more conscientious about their work I might have slumbered more comfortably and cleanly. Then I was told that the natives deliberately left gaps between the floorboards for the sake of their pigs and other livestock, which dwelt beneath them and subsisted on whatever happened to drop through the cracks when the family was dining. At the time I welcomed this fascinating information, but I'm not sure now that I wouldn't feel better if I didn't know I have lived like a pig.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

Here is how to prepare fairly strong tea: Use 1 to 2 teaspoons tea to 1 cup freshly boiling water. Heat pot by filling it with boiling water, then pour out water and place tea in pot. Let stand for three minutes to steep before pouring.—*PM.*

Maybe you better open up that bottle of Coca-Cola for us.

•

Although the people want peace desperately, Chambers says that all reports indicate that tere is a completeness of German domination tat would prevent any collapse unless internal dry rot progresses so far tat it would not be wort Germany's time to maintain te façade of Italian belligerency. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Tat's what we tink, too.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

(DIVISION OF PHYSIOLOGY)

[*From "The Spanish Cape Mystery," by Ellery Queen*]

One of her hands was clawing empty air, the other brandished a common breadknife, which she had probably filched from the kitchen. Her robe lay open, half-revealing small, panting breasts.

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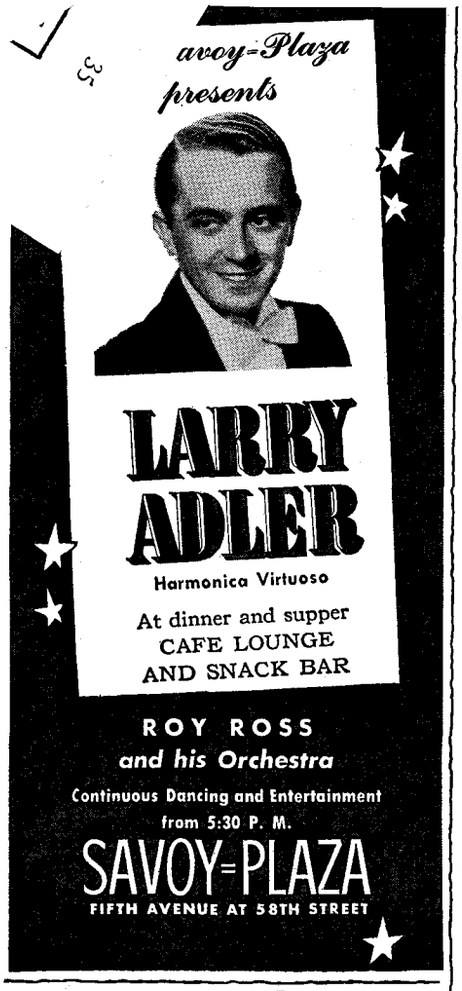

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THE ART GALLERIES

Mixture as Before

ONE of the real disappointments of the Metropolitan's "Artists for Victory" exhibition is its sculpture section, in which the work is both academically selected and inadequately presented, and the letdown is all the greater because sculpture so rarely gets a decent break in the galleries. It has an annual going-over at the Whitney and a generally livelier one once a season at the hands of the Sculptors' Guild, but apart from that it seems to be rapidly sinking to the level of a stepchild of the arts, unwelcome and unrewarded. Dealers shudder when you mention it. The stuff just doesn't sell, they say, though it appears to be fundamental dealer strategy to make a poor mouth over anything to do with sales. Moreover, when the high cost of materials is considered—not to mention casting—the sculptor's career is a far more desperate gamble than the painter's, whose paints, canvas, and brushes are relatively cheap. Casting now, in most metals at least, is out for the duration, and this means that except for those fortunate sculptors who work naturally in wood or stone, an added handicap has been laid on the profession. It's not an easy handicap to get over, either, for the artist who models in clay tends to build up his figure from within toward the surface, while the man who works with the chisel cuts down to it, and the change from one point of view to the other is not always a simple one.

But I don't want to set you crying over the sculptors' hard lot. They'll get along one way or another; for proof of that I give you the show of contemporary American sculpture now at the Buchholz Gallery and overflowing into the Willard next door. Launched unpretentiously as a second section of the "Homage to Rodin" affair held there shortly before the holidays, it's not an especially large exhibition as such national surveys go. Only thirty-six artists and fifty items are listed, no more than a drop in the bucket compared to the average Whitney. However, as sometimes happens, compactness proves to be an advantage, and the general picture the show offers is at once crisp, comprehensive, comprehensible, and encouraging.

To be sure, both the vices and virtues of present-day work are offered. I think stylization, particularly in sculpture, must have some inherent, intrinsic reason, growing out of the purpose of the work as an expression of its own time, in order to justify itself, and I find very little such justification in the current tendency toward archaicism, which has seized on so many of our sculptors, from José de Creeft on down. I was sorry to see so much space devoted to this school, for in so small a collection it meant that little room remained for more vigorous and more purely original pieces. Apart, however, from this one objection, it must be admitted that the selection is eclectic in the extreme. Pretty near all the current styles are represented, from the abstractions of Alexander Calder, George L. K. Morris, and the less well-known Peter Grippe (see his "Man with Barrel," with its curious early Cubist intermingling of figure and background) to such more traditionally mannered efforts as Doris Caesar's fine "Waiting" and Minna Harkavy's subtly suggestive "Negro Head." I liked, too, Henry Rox's beautifully integrated torso called "Ritual," as well as Waldemar Raemisch's "Terror from Above" (both men, incidentally, are quite new to me), but perhaps the best work in the show, all things considered, is Gaston Lachaise's small "Floating Figure." Lachaise's women, despite their bulk, always seem to float or to be about to do so, but in this picture he outdid even himself, and there is something almost cloudlike in the swelling lightness and balanced serenity of the half-reclining figure he has presented.

AT the Paul Rosenberg, there are oils by Pierre Bonnard and Edouard Vuillard. These two, friends through life, were born only a year apart, the first in 1867 and the other in 1868, and after Renoir's death, in 1919, they were almost the only direct links with the Impressionist generation. Vuillard died too, in 1940, and though Bonnard was at last reports still alive, he is in France and presumably not happy. There is, therefore, something tender and nostalgic about bringing the two *vieux copains* together again on the walls of one gallery, and I wish I could report that the show lived up to the demands of the occasion. It doesn't quite do so, however. Bonnard, who is much the better artist of the two, has the weaker representation, and the four canvases of his on view were all done well after the start of the century, when

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his design had begun to lose that sureness which had characterized it in earlier years. I thought only one of the paintings, the large "La Tarte aux Cerises," gave much hint of the warmth and vivid understanding he shows at his best. The Vuillards range more widely, from 1893 to 1930. Look for the two earliest ones, "Interior: In the Flowers" and "Interior: Conversation," both done in that flat-patterned style which so engrossed him at that period and which seems so oddly suggestive of Braque to modern eyes.

THIRTY-ONE ladies, some amateur artists and some professionals, have got together and cooked up a mess of paintings, collages, constructions, and so on, all highly spiced with surrealism and all now at the Art of This Century gallery. Somehow, there is a slightly giggly air about the show, and I suppose the main attraction for many visitors will be the contribution of Gypsy Rose Lee, a sort of collage *en coquille* called "Self Portrait," which, rather paradoxically, mainly celebrates the old-fashioned ankle-length bathing suit. But soberer work is at hand too, by such well-established painters as Leonor Fini, Meraud Guevara, I. Rice Pereira, and others, not to mention talented newcomers like Kay Sage, Hazel McKinley, and Dorothea Tanning. . . . The Midtown is showing a new set of water colors by Jacob Getlar Smith, in which he reveals a still further deepening of his already profound feeling for landscape. There are no tricks in Smith's work, no minglings of dry brush and washes or other dramatics; it's just plain, straightforward painting, but in such pieces as "Long Shadows" and the equally authoritative "Busar's Creek" it has a solidity and power that few can equal. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Thieves who broke into the South Shore Motors on Merrick rd. and Garfield ave., Sayville, Sunday night jacked up three new automobiles and stole 10 wheels equipped with tires and tubes. The stolen wheels were then loaded into a Red Cross ambulance station wagon and the thieves unlocked the garage doors and drove away. . . .

Entrance to the garage was gained by breaking the glass in French doors at the side of the place.

Refreshments were served and dancing followed. The committee in charge of the event included Mrs. William T. Shepherd, Mrs. Chester L. Wyman and Mrs. George M. McHugh.—*Bay Shore (L.I.) Sentinel.*

One of those affairs that need careful planning.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SOON after we got into the war the panic-stricken fashion trade gave out with a lot of simpering talk explaining that it was the duty of American women to look pretty and frivolous for the morale of the boys on leave. Lately there has been a corresponding amount of nonsense which might convey the impression that for the duration clothes should be practical to the point of mournfulness. Both points of view seem to be equally silly and to overlook the fact that clothes can strike a middle course by being lovely, lively, and at the same time sane.

For instance, surely no more beautiful dresses than the ones in the Bergdorf Goodman custom salon have been seen in all our history, but they have a basic simplicity that would keep any woman feeling serene in them after dozens of wearings. The most exciting of the lot are some draped dinner dresses, many of them in sheer fabrics veiling the slimmest possible slips. One, with black satin crisscrossed over the bodice and tying in two bows at the small of the back, has short black chiffon sleeves and a skirt that is a favorite here—it's slender and straight in front, draped into a low fold at each side down the back, and is to be worn over a slashed black satin slip. A dark-brown chiffon with a slender waistline has a fold of chiffon that falls from the base of its V décolletage to form drapery beside either knee. A pale-blue jersey dress with a red sash closes high up on the throat and is as tight and plain as a sweater through the surplice bodice; the skirt floats out full and circular in back but is straight in front. This high, wrapped, tight look also appears in a dress of brown crêpe, which achieves fullness in back by means of a full-length self apron. For more formal occasions, you can choose a bosomy dress with a full black lace skirt over a street-length slashed slip or a full-skirted black chiffon affair with a black satin sash and a deep oval neckline that has black lace ruching around it. All of these clothes have a slender, soft aspect that is as right as any drop of rain you'd care to name.

A Bergdorf pet for evening is a model with a longish basque top, short sleeves (usually), and a skirt which, though straight in front, has fullness in the centre of the back that trails off into a peacock train. One version of this is in black velvet with a black slipper-satin skirt, another is in green linen with grosgrain binding on its tab edges and a skirt of green chiffon, a third is in bright-blue satin with bands of marquisette shirring to match the swirling skirt, and a fourth is made entirely of honey-colored satin.

For daytime, you'll find a number of spruce new Molyneux models. Among these dresses, all slim as pencils, are some in spongy gray wool trimmed with fat silver-metal buttons and having straight-across yokes below the simplest of band collars; there are others in black moiré with a flaring sideways bow of pink moiré at the neck, a double-breasted bodice, and a skirt that buttons down the side. A perfect rough crêpe navy spring dress has a bloused top, a modified turtle neck, and saw-toothed edging on the jumper top where it ends just below a trim waistline. There's a beautiful Molyneux coat here, too; it's made of beige wool and has wide lapels, two buttons, and a belt across the front only. The gored princesse treatment through the waistline in back makes it unnecessary to have a belt there.

PRACTICAL considerations, and a natural desire to look as attractive as possible, have started plenty of ladies looking for cotton dresses that can be worn the year round. What with capable servants disappearing over the hill toward the factories and the dry-cleaning situation worsening, dresses that are foolproof in the hands of a laundry are desirable, and they are also

"I have a message for you here somewhere, sir, from field headquarters."

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BLUEPRINT FOR A BRIGHT FUTURE
ELIZABETH ARDEN'S EFFICIENCY PLAN
Look at today's clean-cut, casual beauty. She appears to be artless, to have sprung windswept and wide-eyed straight from the heart of time. Actually there is nothing accidental about her. She is the outward expression of the inward courage to plan. Through the new Elizabeth Arden Efficiency Plan, you, the builder—and Elizabeth Arden—the architect of the body, work together on a project for perfection. You will form lasting habits of health and beauty and, once yours, this plan becomes a priceless possession, your blueprint for a bright future.
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A special streamlined program of new, swift methods for developing habits of health, beauty and good grooming—class instruction in this top-to-toe course for health and beauty, meeting the special problems of present-day life, eight lessons . . . 25.00
Enroll today at any of the Elizabeth Arden Salons
Elizabeth Arden has thoughtfully designed four Efficiency Kits—one for each skin—to give you the most efficient, most successful skin care possible in the shortest measure of time.
EFFICIENCY KIT FOR NORMAL SKIN . . . 6.00
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MARLBORO Cigarette

America's Luxury

FLAIR . . . A flair for the *un-ordinary* in everything she wears and does. Like her choice of MARLBORO Cigarettes! Smarter. Firmer. More distinguished. And made of superbly pleasurable tobaccos (*which cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford*).

Merely a few extra pennies

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

fine things to slip into at the end of the day in order to save wear and tear on more important clothes. One of the results of all this is that Lord & Taylor's McMullen dresses, made of feminine pastel cottons and misleadingly called Baby Dresses, are getting a rush from people who aren't even vaguely looking forward to a Southern vacation. In this collection you'll find things like one-piece dresses fastening from neck to hem, with white piqué ruffles at the neck or piqué forming a bib yoke; $17.95. Dirndl dresses with a pink cotton top have a full skirt of a rainbow plaid to match the ruffle around their necks; well-tailored cotton suits in checks, such as a green, white, and black one, have white piqué collars and bows on their sleeves. So much for the McMullen dresses. You might also look at an afternoon sort of dress in crinkled cotton crêpe, with cotton fringe around its oval neckline and small jewelled buttons; or at a square-necked cloque-piqué honey with narrow self ruffles. (This last is enchanting at $12.95.)

The Hoover apron was reputedly born during the last war; the Pop-over may possibly be a discovery of this one. It is a loose, tailored coat dress, with deep armholes, three-quarter sleeves you can push up, one mammoth pocket, and a set-in belt to give you a waistline, and is designed to be worn either as a work dress or as a protector for a dress you already have on. L. & T. show it in blue denim and in plaid, checked, or striped heavy cotton. There's even a matching mitt that has a quilted palm and fastens to the belt when you're not using it while fixing the furnace, examining the innards of a car, or pulling somebody's chestnuts out of the fire. It's as useful as an apron and far more workmanlike in appearance; $6.95.—L. L.

•

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—Virginia Greer, 21, who wants to join the WAACS, wanted some first hand information on Army life, so she boarded a troop train to make an inspection tour. An astonished captain, making a routine inspection as the train neared Philadelphia, found her in the kitchen car, enjoying a smack with some soldiers.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

And now she knows about Army life.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT
(NOODLES DIVISION)

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

SANTA BARBARA, Dec. 8.—Several stores which were without butter, eggs and meat today reported a good stock, however, of mustard, potato chips and noodles.

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OF ALL THINGS

CONGRESSMEN were relieved to find that the President's message dealt exclusively with the conduct of the war. There had been ugly rumors that he intended to assign some difficult homework.

•

Berlin spokesmen are giving out little news about the situation in Russia. For some reason it is felt that this story is not suitable for refined German ears.

•

There was no truth in the Goebbels story that a U-boat went ninety-five miles up the Mississippi. Analysis showed that the river contained nothing stronger than water.

•

It is apparent that the weather did us a bad turn in Tunisia. The Axis ousting had to be postponed on account of rain.

•

The oil situation in the eastern seaboard is admittedly grave. The danger is that we may run out of fuel before we run out of winter.

•

Senator James J. Davis, new member of the Foreign Relations Committee, announces that he is neither isolationist nor interventionist. Somebody should tell Jim what happens to innocent bystanders.

•

Leon Henderson says that under his administration the OPA has saved our families six billion dollars and the government twenty-five billion. Let us hope that the next administrator will be no less successful and unpopular.

•

The process of conquering the Japs is hampered by transportation difficulties. Now it seems we may put a further strain upon our shipping by moving Ed Flynn from the Bronx to Australia.

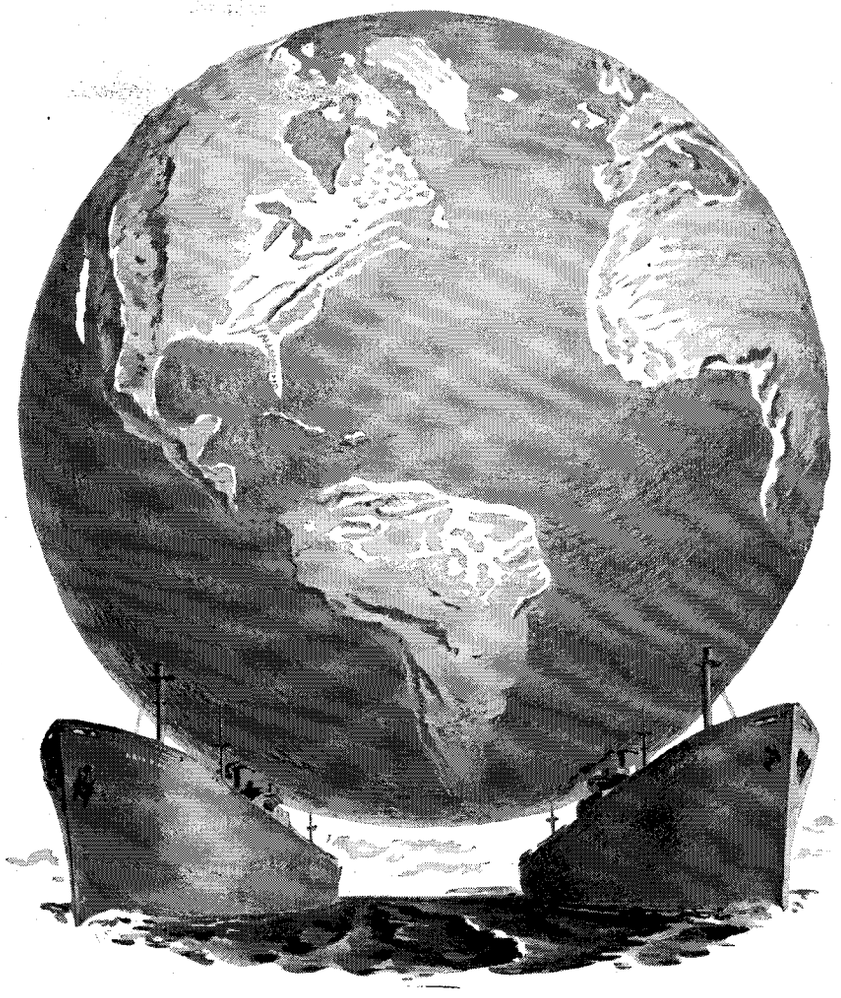
•

Plans are being worked out for the installment purchase of automobiles for delivery after the war. The buyer will thus be able to enjoy a world as free from A cards as from Hitlerism.

•

A Senate committee is inquiring into James C. Petrillo's ban on recordings. The statesmen see no necessity at this time for the rationing of canned music.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



On the Seven Seas

We used to tout our world-wide sources for the fine things of living. Now...for the duration...we're even prouder W & J Sloane is working in collaboration with the United States Maritime Commission, the Navy and the Army on equipment fighting this war around the world.

W&J SLOANE

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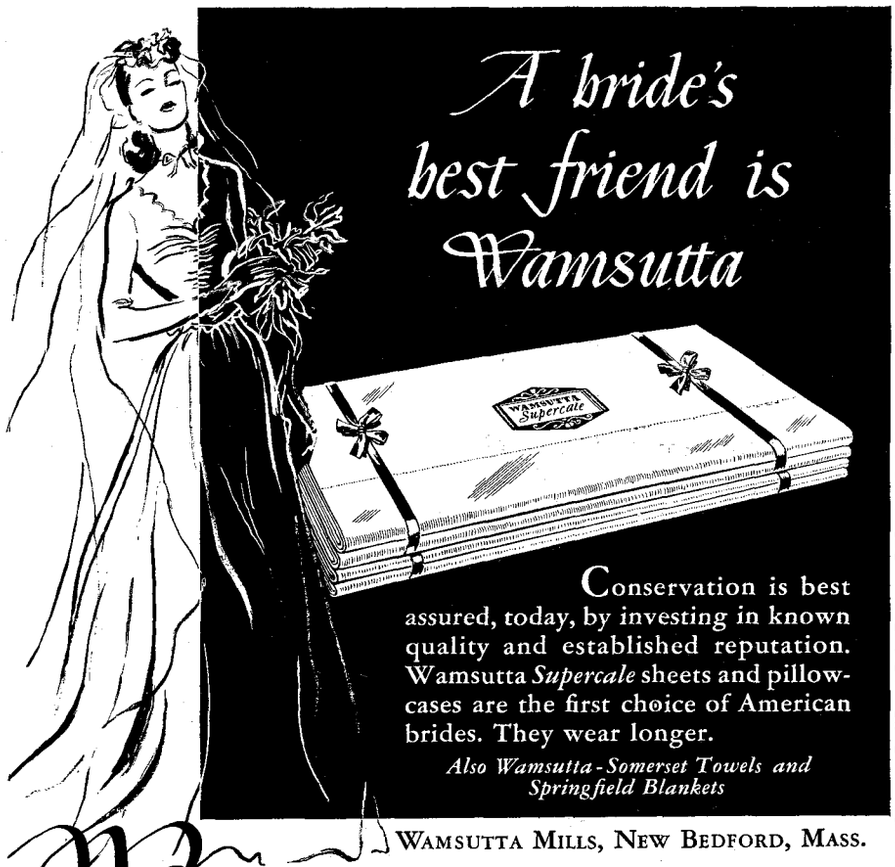
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Conservation is best assured, today, by investing in known quality and established reputation. Wamsutta *Supercale* sheets and pillowcases are the first choice of American brides. They wear longer.
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LUNCHEON 12 to 3 P.M.
Dinner with champagne cocktail $1.25 up, served week-days 5-8:30 P.M.
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5 sessions daily: 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 p. m. Admission 88¢ including tax. Children under 12, weekdays, 65¢, Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, 75¢. Shoe-skates (figure or hockey) to rent. Music. Instruction. No racing skates, please! Phone Circle 6-5800

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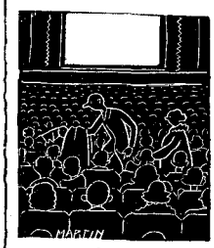
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outline for a Monograph



SCHOLARS, perhaps, will know which came first, Orson Welles or Alfred Hitchcock; that is, which was the first to get his style as a motion-picture director down pat. Pending reports from whatever universities or monasteries are up on such lore, there will be no conjecture here as to which of the two has modelled himself after the other. Right now it's enough to say that there are marked similarities between Hitchcock's work and Welles' and, to be sure, vice versa. Scouts indicate that there is lots of that slow, Hitchcock menace in "Journey into Fear," a film recently completed by Welles. Be that as it may, there are certainly Orsonian touches in "Shadow of a Doubt," a Hitchcock that has just appeared on the market. Many of the lines in it, for example, are spoken in that leisurely, underemphasized way that Welles encourages, and even more noticeable is the device of having three or four actors speak at once in crowded scenes, a characteristic of the Welles school of realism. Another device it has in common with many Welles products is Joseph Cotten, who plays the lead.

"Shadow of a Doubt" has to do with a California family that is visited by an uncle from the East. Right at the beginning you see the uncle *in* the East, and it is clear that his life is not humdrum. Then, when he is followed across the continent by a couple of fellows with their hands in their coat pockets, refuses to have his picture taken, and shows a prejudice against the "Merry Widow" waltz, there is no question but that he will bear watching. The suspense of the film is well sustained and there are a couple of spots which are pretty funny. *In re* the acting, Teresa Wright, as a young blossom, and Henry Travers, as her father, are commendable, while Patricia Collinge, as Mother, is not, there being no apparent cause for the strange faces she makes from start to finish. Cotten, as Uncle Charlie, is all right except that he doesn't seem quite robust enough for the line of work it finally develops he is engaged in.

SPEAKING of directors, John Farrow, who turned out "Wake Island" some time back, has done an-

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other with a lot of fireworks in it, name of "Commandos Strike at Dawn," starring Paul Muni. Although a great many critical bouquets were tossed at "Wake Island," this department contributed only a modest spray of baby's-breath, because of a stubborn conviction that things in it took too long to get under way. There was too much plot of too little consequence before the Marines got down to business and gave you an eyeful. The same applies to this one about the Commandos, in which the raid that comes at the end is a lively episode but almost not worth what you have to get through first. Farrow, it seems, can stage one hell of a skirmish, and if only he could find someone who could build him a good buildup, he'd have a natural. The buildup here deals with a Norwegian village before and during German occupation, and the main trouble with it is the same old improbability that is always creeping in when Germans are represented on the screen. Men who have come back from Germany keep writing books describing the enemy as tough and smart, but in the movies he goes right on being fat and foolish.

THE historical errors in "Tennessee Johnson," a biography of the seventeenth President, number about five, but the main one is committed for obvious dramatic reasons and the others are bagatelle. In the film, Johnson, played by Van Heflin, appears at his own impeachment trial. This is not according to the book, but it gives Heflin a chance to deliver a good speech, and he does very well with it. The artistic errors in the picture are (1) having Johnson drunker when sworn in as Vice-President than he probably really was and (2) a tendency to serve up political debates in terms that are rather vague. "My policies are better than your policies," one statesman is apt to say to another. —DAVID LARDNER

•

PROGRESS ON THE NORTH SHORE

[From the Port Washington News]

QUESTION: How do you think that our town has progressed during the past five years?

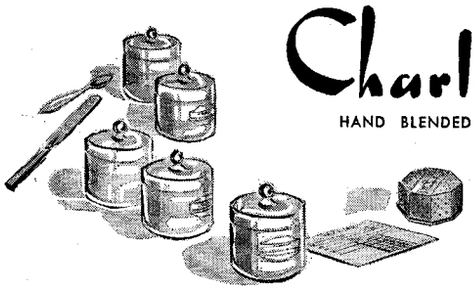
ANSWERS:

Olympia De Meo
Mackey Avenue

I believe that our town has progressed extremely during the previous five years. There has been the building of new homes which has caused the population to increase. There is another reason for our large population. Many unfortunate circumstances have caused people who would have moved away long ago to remain. . . .

MY hat CAN BE COPIED . . .
MY dress DUPLICATED . . . .
MY shoes MATCHED . . . . .
but never my face powder!

because that's blended to match my own skintone—right before my eyes—by



Charles of the Ritz
HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

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AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE

MRS. WILSON was just taking the gingerbread out of the oven when she heard Johnny outside talking to someone.

"Johnny," she called, "you're late. Come in and get your lunch."

"Just a minute, Mother," Johnny said. "After you, my dear Alphonse."

"After *you*, my dear Alphonse," another voice said.

"No, after *you*, my dear Alphonse," Johnny said.

Mrs. Wilson opened the door. "Johnny," she said, "you come in this minute and get your lunch. You can play after you've eaten."

Johnny came in after her, slowly. "Mother," he said, "I brought Boyd home for lunch with me."

"Boyd?" Mrs. Wilson thought for a moment. "I don't believe I've met Boyd. Bring him in, dear, since you've invited him. Lunch is ready."

"Boyd!" Johnny yelled. "Hey, Boyd, come on in!"

"I'm coming. Just got to unload this stuff."

"Well, hurry, or my mother'll be sore."

"Johnny, that's not very polite to either your friend or your mother," Mrs. Wilson said. "Come sit down, Boyd."

As she turned to show Boyd where to sit, she saw he was a Negro boy, smaller than Johnny but about the same age. His arms were loaded with split kindling wood. "Where'll I put this stuff, Johnny?" he asked.

Mrs. Wilson turned to Johnny. "Johnny," she said, "what did you make Boyd do? What is that wood?"

"Dead Japanese," Johnny said mildly. "We stand them in the ground and run over them with tanks."

"How do you do, Mrs. Wilson?" Boyd said.

"How do you do, Boyd? You shouldn't let Johnny make you carry all that wood. Sit down now and eat lunch, both of you."

"Why shouldn't he carry the wood, Mother? It's his wood. We got it at his place."

"Johnny," Mrs. Wilson said, "go on and eat your lunch."

"Sure," Johnny said. He held out the dish of scrambled eggs to Boyd. "After you, my dear Alphonse."

"After *you*, my dear Alphonse," Boyd said.

"After *you*, my dear Alphonse," Johnny said. They began to giggle.

"Are you hungry, Boyd?" Mrs. Wilson asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson."

"Well, don't you let Johnny stop you. He always fusses about eating, so you just see that you get a good lunch. There's plenty of food here for you to have all you want."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson."

"Come on, Alphonse," Johnny said. He pushed half the scrambled eggs onto Boyd's plate. Boyd watched while Mrs. Wilson put a dish of stewed tomatoes beside his plate.

"Boyd don't eat tomatoes, do you, Boyd?" Johnny said.

"*Does*n't eat tomatoes, Johnny. And just because you don't like them, don't say that about Boyd. Boyd will eat *any*thing."

"Bet he won't," Johnny said, attacking his scrambled eggs.

"Boyd wants to grow up and be a big strong man so he can work hard," Mrs. Wilson said. "I'll bet Boyd's father eats stewed tomatoes."

"My father eats anything he wants to," Boyd said.

"So does mine," Johnny said. "Sometimes he doesn't eat hardly anything. He's a little guy, though. Wouldn't hurt a flea."

"Mine's a little guy, too," Boyd said.

"I'll bet he's strong, though," Mrs. Wilson said. She hesitated. "Does he . . . work?"

"Sure," Johnny said. "Boyd's father works in a factory."

"There, you see?" Mrs. Wilson said. "And he certainly has to be strong to do that—all that lifting and carrying at a factory."

"Boyd's father doesn't have to," Johnny said. "He's a foreman."

Mrs. Wilson felt defeated. "What does your mother do, Boyd?"

"My mother?" Boyd was surprised. "She takes care of us kids."

"Oh. She doesn't work, then?"

"Why should she," Johnny said through a mouthful of eggs. "You don't work."

"You really don't want any stewed tomatoes, Boyd?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Wilson," Boyd said.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Wilson, no, thank you, Mrs. Wilson, no, thank you, Mrs. Wilson," Johnny said. "Boyd's sister's going to work, though. She's going to be a teacher."

"That's a very fine attitude for her to have, Boyd." Mrs. Wilson restrained an impulse to pat Boyd on the head. "I imagine you're all very proud of her?"

"I guess so," Boyd said.

"What about all your other brothers and sisters? I guess all of you want to make just as much of yourselves as you can."

"There's only me and Jean," Boyd said. "I don't know yet what I want to be when I grow up."

"We're going to be tank drivers, Boyd and me," Johnny said. "Zoom." Mrs. Wilson caught Boyd's glass of milk as Johnny's napkin ring, suddenly transformed into a tank, plowed heavily across the table.

"Look, Johnny," Boyd said. "Here's a foxhole. I'm shooting at you."

Mrs. Wilson, with the speed born of long experience, took the gingerbread off the shelf and placed it carefully between the tank and the foxhole.

"Now eat as much as you want to, Boyd," she said. "I want to see you get filled up."

"Boyd eats a lot, but not as much as I do," Johnny said. "I'm bigger than he is."

"You're not much bigger," Boyd said. "I can beat you running."

Mrs. Wilson took a deep breath. "Boyd," she said. Both boys turned to her. "Boyd, Johnny has some suits that are a little too small for him, and a winter coat. It's not new, of course, but there's lots of wear in it still. And I have a few dresses that your mother or sister could probably use. Your mother can make them over into lots of things for all of you, and I'd be very happy to give them to you. Suppose before you leave I make up a big bundle and then you and Johnny can take it over to your mother right away . . ." Her voice trailed off as she saw Boyd's puzzled expression.

"But I have plenty of clothes, thank you," he said. "And I don't think my mother knows how to sew very well, and anyway I guess we buy about everything we need. Thank you very much, though."

"We don't have time to carry that old stuff around, Mother," Johnny said. "We got to play tanks with the kids today."

Mrs. Wilson lifted the plate of gingerbread off the table as Boyd was about to take another piece. "There are many little boys like you, Boyd, who

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would be very grateful for the clothes someone was kind enough to give them."

"Boyd will take them if you want him to, Mother," Johnny said.

"I didn't mean to make you mad, Mrs. Wilson," Boyd said.

"Don't think I'm angry, Boyd. I'm just disappointed in you, that's all. Now let's not say anything more about it."

She began clearing the plates off the table, and Johnny took Boyd's hand and pulled him to the door. "'Bye, Mother," Johnny said. Boyd stood for a minute, staring at Mrs. Wilson's back.

"After you, my dear Alphonse," Johnny said, holding the door open.

"Is your mother still mad?" Mrs. Wilson heard Boyd ask in a low voice.

"I don't know," Johnny said. "She's screwy sometimes."

"So's mine," Boyd said. He hesitated. "After *you*, my dear Alphonse."

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

DIRGE FOR A LUNATIC

There's nobody home.
  There's only a clock gone crazy,
Gone stark-mad crazy, scattering the air
  With wings of lead.
  The wire heart got lazy.
It broke its bell.
It died.
  It did not care.
It did not love its music any more.
It fell to death.
  It fluttered to the floor.

Once, long ago, it had a timely treasure,
  Which, true or not, at any rate was sane.
It now has none, no method now, no measure.
  It flieth blind.
  It shall not wind again.
Lost years ago its politics,
Its arithmetics,
  Its dreadnaught go.
Today, this way,
  False friend, false foe.
My crazy clock,
  My Romeo.

—LORRAINE CATHERON

•

"H. R. 7848—A bill to make it a criminal offense for certain escaped convicts to travel from one state to another."—*Title of a bill introduced in the House of Representatives on Dec. 8, 1942.*

Trust Congress to think up a new angle.

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Dry Sack is a Sherry whose great fame is well deserved. Medium dry with a unique, nutty flavour, it particularly pleases those who can afford the best. Happily Dry Sack is still available at your favorite restaurant. Try a glass . . . we feel sure you'll carry home a bottle.

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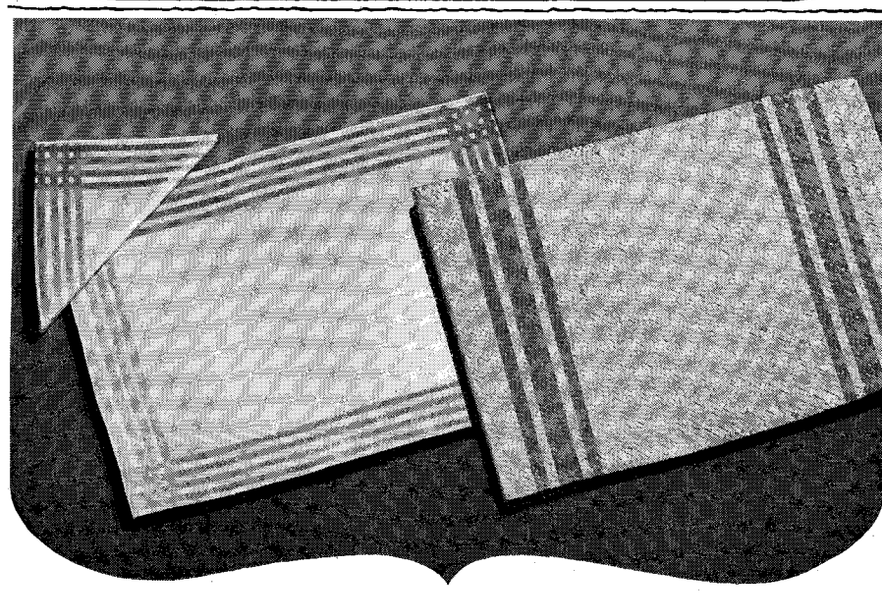

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Chinese wheat straw in natural with borders in blue, green, red, or rust. Grand because they wipe clean. Runner and eight mats **2.75**

First Floor—Also White Plains and East Orange

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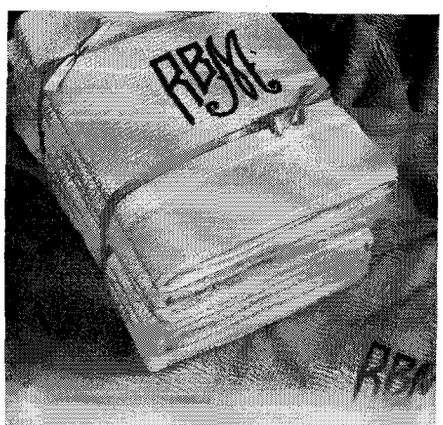

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LETTER FROM ALGIERS

JANUARY 2 (BY WIRELESS)

ALGIERS just now is probably calmer than any city ever was after being the scene of a partially successful *coup d'état*, the landing of an army from another hemisphere, and a front-page political assassination, all within the space of eight weeks. Whether the calm is due to African apathy, which the French call *climat moral*, or to the tact of the American authorities in leaving the local regime as it was before the Allied troops landed is difficult to determine. Certainly, the average European or Mussulman in this city is more preoccupied now with alimentation than with war. It is probably true that if given the opportunity to vote in a Gallup Poll, ninety per cent of the Algerians would be found to favor the liberation of France from the Germans, but one can walk interminably through the climbing streets of this city without seeing a single caricature of Hitler in a shop window or an Allied newsreel advertised by a theatre. The windows of the bookstores near the university are crammed with Germanophile apologetics—testimony, perhaps, to the Anglo-Saxon belief in the freedom of the press. Patriotic street demonstrations such as one occasionally saw even in the Paris of 1939-40 are no longer held. There were a few immediately after the debarkation of the Allies, but one is told that such activities were frowned upon by local officials as examples of Jewish bad taste.

THE central figure in the Algerian picture is, of course, General Henri Giraud, one more of those honest soldiers, brave, poor, and patriotic, who have been forced against their wills to play political rôles in one or another European country. Tall, erect, and authoritative, Giraud looks and talks like a Hollywood bit player's conception of a general, and being a general has become a habit of mind with him. The spirit in the army, which he runs with professional competence, is much better than that of the perhaps confused civil population. Among the officers of Giraud's entourage are many aviators who came to North Africa after the fall of France, expecting someday to resume the struggle; now, equipped with fast American fighters, they are enjoying their best moments since the spring of 1940. There were, unfortunately, a number of casualties among these pilots when, during the first three days after the Allied landing, they took to the air against the newcomers on orders of superiors who insisted that the invasion was merely a Commando operation and that the Germans would punish their failure to squelch it.

THE calm one notices here gives Algiers a restful, neutral quality that is to be found nowhere else outside Dublin. Agnès Capri, the surrealist chanteuse, her routine unchanged by years of national catastrophe, is doing her stuff at the Municipal Theatre for audiences of British and American soldiers who would not know what she was singing about even if they understood French. There is an exhibit of ingratiating water colors by a woman named Augusta Lama in the city's smartest gallery, and in the street markets on the way to the Kasbah women wait in line for hours for the opportunity to buy half a pound of stale fish from Morocco. In black-market restaurants one can eat well for two dollars. The newspaper that was most ardently collaborationist before the Allies landed is now, on the surface, pro-Ally, and some of the same French censors who once enforced ardor for the Axis are still on hand to enforce the new enthusiasm. Alerts, which are sounded frequently, and bombings, which come occasionally, are still looked upon as novelties, and Sunday crowds gather to gape at a bomb hole that Londoners would consider trifling. At that, it is probably better fun than going to the cinema, where the leading attraction at the moment is an old film featuring Victor Moore as a henpecked husband, a rôle peculiarly incomprehensible to Mohammedans. Probably no one will ever be able to explain why up-to-date films presenting the best aspects of American life were not rushed in almost with the first assault wave. Perhaps the omission was the result of a reluctance to indulge in propaganda which might put our cause in too favorable a light; at any rate, this seems to be the interpretation of practically every Frenchman one meets about town. "*Les boches, ils sont pas comme ça!*" they exclaim in astonishment at the modesty of the Allies.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

As soon as Miss W—— knew she was to sin she telephoned her husband in Kansas.—*The Times.*

Curious reflex.

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How American it is... to want something better!

SURE this war-plant worker looks forward to "something better"—resuming study for her chosen career, that long-planned trip or to marriage.

That's why she's putting a healthy part of her earnings into war bonds and stamps—to speed the return of peace and all the other things which help make this "the land of something better."

Some of us can help most in the front lines, others on production lines —*all* of us can buy war bonds and stamps!

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

EVEN IN WARTIME, free America still enjoys many "better things" which are not available to less fortunate peoples. P. Ballantine & Sons, makers of "something better" in moderate beverages—Ballantine—America's largest selling ale.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

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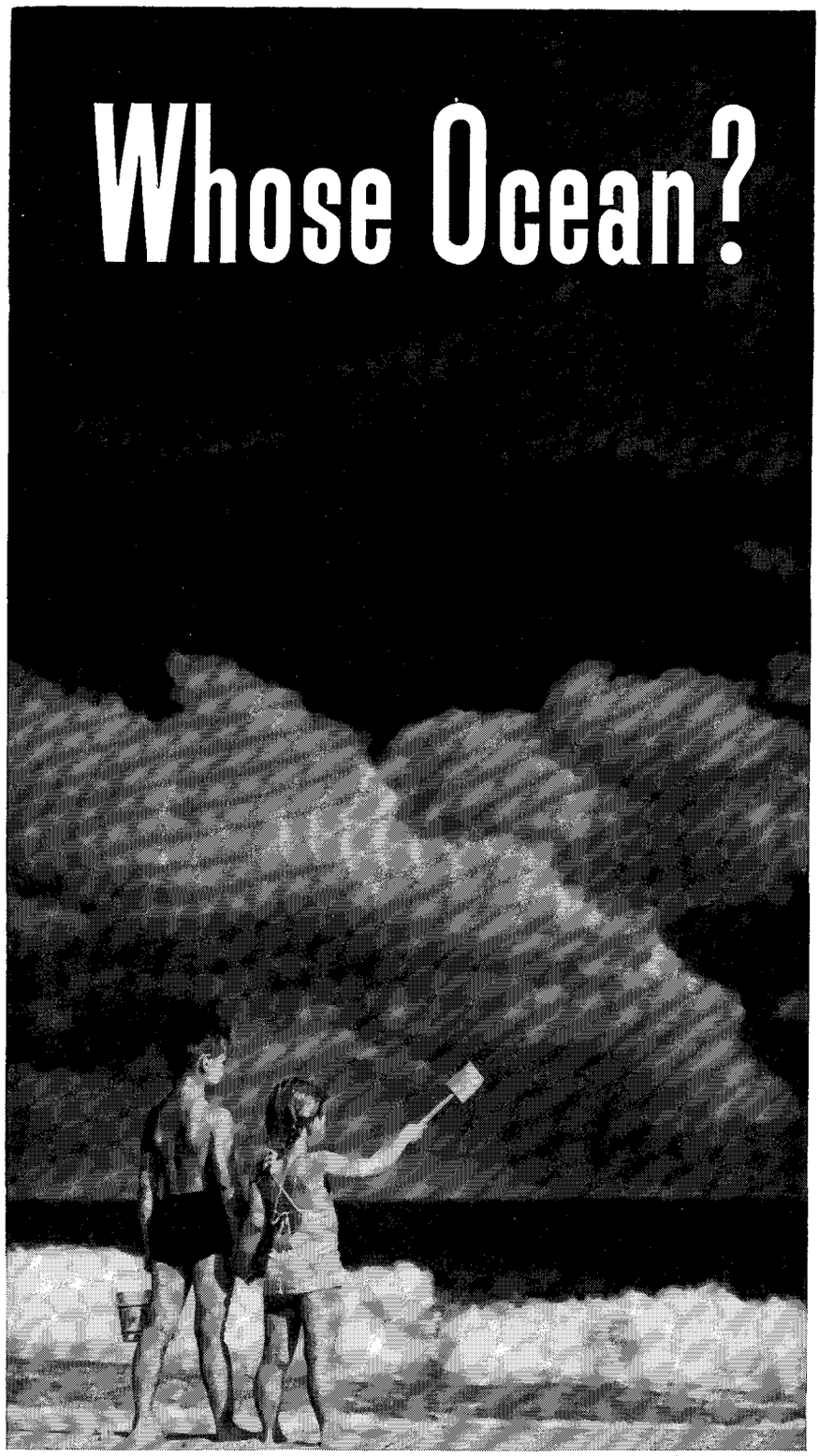

On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers —*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop a* bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

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- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Maestri

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, whose conducting always persuades one that he has at least as much energy as two or three ordinary musicians, actually became a couple of performers in Carnegie Hall last week when he led Prokofieff's third piano concerto from the keyboard and played the difficult solo music brilliantly. Simply as piano playing, the achievement could be rated as one of the season's triumphs, and it was the more exciting because Mr. Mitropoulos kept things going in the orchestra with emphatic wavings, noddings, and shakings. The lid of Mr. Mitropoulos's piano had been removed so the members of the Philharmonic-Symphony could see the conductor. The tone therefore was not reflected toward the audience, and some of the volume was lost. The result was a sometimes uncertain balance between piano and orchestra. Mr. Mitropoulos's fine playing might have been even more striking if the conventional piano setup had been used and a colleague had led the ensemble. Had Mr. Mitropoulos asked for volunteer directors, he probably could have had his choice of several dozen, for Carnegie Hall is full of maestri on most orchestral evenings.

Versatility was also on display at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert. Eugene Ormandy appeared as conductor and transcriber with a skillful arrangement of a sinfonia by Johann Christian Bach. Virgil Thomson guest-conducted his own orchestral suite from the score for the documentary film "The Plow That Broke the Plains," an expertly written and effective set of six short excerpts that didn't require attendance at the picture to be enjoyable listening. Mr. Thomson's conducting would have deserved a good notice from Mr. Thomson if he had been present in his critical capacity, or from any other reviewer. Note should also be made of a great performance by Rudolf Serkin of Beethoven's fourth piano concerto. A few fortissimi sounded overdriven, but these didn't count much in the general magnificence and poetry of Mr. Serkin's playing.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston

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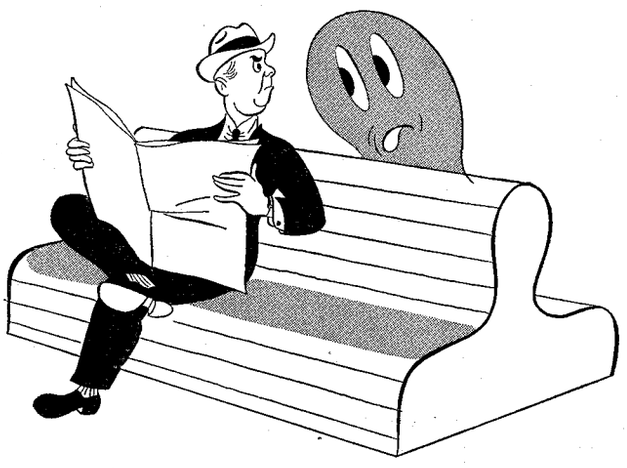

It's simply not so

True, there was a period when Martin's V.V.O. Scotch was temporarily scarce. We had to ration some of our best dealers. And of course some V.V.O. went out of circulation, as connoisseurs of this famous Scotch put away extra supplies.

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Symphony brought to town last week a second hearing of the symphony that became a favorite hereabouts on its original showing—Bohuslav Martinu's first symphony, which they introduced earlier in the season. This music registered successfully again. It is, of course, hardly necessary to mention the superb playing of the Boston band and Mr. Koussevitzky's redoubtable leadership throughout the session.

MORE applause for a conductor appeared when Bruno Walter led the Metropolitan's latest revival of "La Forza del Destino." The book of the opera is about a high-minded baritone who pursues a high-minded tenor and a high-minded soprano in order to commit a high-minded double murder, in which scheme he doesn't quite succeed, but these activities provide opportunities for a few good arias and ensembles which are set off by sessions of operatic dancing, eating, drinking, and worship. The music is about all that matters, and much of it is impressive. Mr. Walter gave it everything, and his subtle assistance to the singers was a special feature for those of us who enjoy the mechanics of opera production.

The revival was the first full-length opportunity for Kurt Baum, who made a fine début last season as the Singer in "Der Rosenkavalier" and hadn't been heard from at any Metropolitan performance since. Some tense upper tones may be charged off to nerves, but his voice was rich and fresh, and the singing straightforward and dramatically right. The audience welcomed him uproariously, and he earned the ado, all right. Zinka Milanov, in spite of a curious unevenness in the use of her beautiful voice, was an excellent Leonora, and some of her singing was remarkable, especially her high, floating tones. Lawrence Tibbett looked after the ungrateful assignment of the high-minded baritone expertly, and the performance, all told, was another entry in the Metropolitan's growing credit column.

Getting back to the maestri, here's a line (it might well be more, though) for Erich Leinsdorf's bright and understanding conducting of "Der Rosenkavalier," which is a better show this season than it used to be, and it always was good. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

PHILADELPHIANS FAIRLY COMMON IN AUSTRALIA

—Headline in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

You can't get *them* to admit it, though.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 10 (BY CABLE)

BRITONS faced up to the opening days of 1943 in a state of delayed and possibly healthful mental hangover. In the excitement of the big emotional jag after November's program of military triumphs there had been a dangerous tendency to talk as if the rest of the war were going to be equally swift, brilliant, and easy. It is possible, too, that the immense interest which all sections of the community have taken in the Beveridge Report helped to accent postwar reconstruction in the public's mind and to blur the inescapable fact that, if 1943 lives up to its commitments, thousands of young men now alive will not be around to help that reconstruction along. Maybe the growing realization that Tunisia is proving tougher than was first expected and that over in Tripolitania Rommel is likely to do a lot of other things besides run has jerked people back into a saner frame of mind. The rosy early-winter honeymoon period is now over.

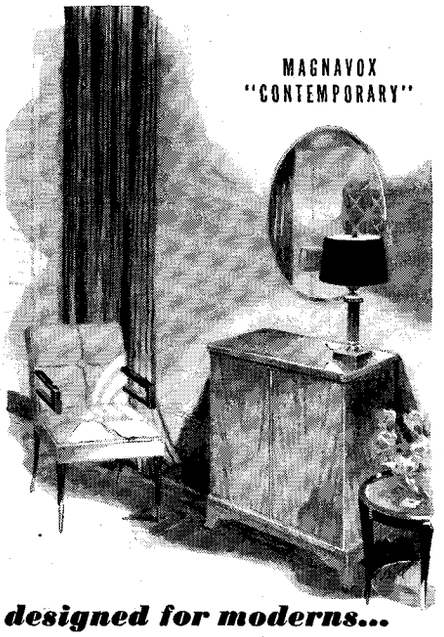
Though the Russian news is good enough to make jubilation still in order, Londoners are talking over their beer mugs and teacups in a way which shows they know that the worst in casualties and sacrifices are yet to come before Mr. Churchill's "end of the beginning" can be said to look like the beginning of the end. The new National Service Bill, which went into effect last week, when the first batch of seventeen-and-a-half-year-olds queued up to register for the armed forces, has been a sobering pointer toward a future when casualties may be almost on the Russian scale. This registration, incidentally, means that the already hard-pressed universities will practically have to shut up shop, except those prepared to give medical and technical courses and to teach women students.

THE Beveridge Report shows no signs of taking a back seat in conversation. Sir William's brave new world is still being so earnestly debated in every home up and down the country that the B.B.C. wasn't far off the mark the other evening when one of its sages jocularly proposed the author of the report as the most quoted author, bar Shakespeare. One place where, according to official ruling, the proposals can't be debated is the mess room. The War Office decision to withdraw the bulletin of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs containing a summary of the Beveridge Report, a bulletin which normally would be circulated to officers as subject matter for informally conducted discussion groups among the troops, has raised a storm of public and private indignation against Whitehall brass hats and thick heads.

The first uneasy explanation that the ban had been imposed because it wouldn't be proper for the Army to discuss the subject before Parliament had had a whack at it has been abandoned for the even sillier one that the proposals are too difficult for the boys to understand before the right honorable M.P.'s give them a line. This peculiar reasoning has not unnaturally created a rumpus among the soldiers and wrath among civilians of all shades of political opinion who want to know why the ordinary adult male should be forbidden to think until a topheavily Tory Parliament tells him how to.

Even before the criticism of the report which a coming Commons debate is expected to produce, some of the opposition to the Beveridge scheme has begun to emerge boldly from the undergrowth where it has been lurking and merely muttering because the almost universal cheering didn't seem a propitious background for anything louder. The current issue of *The Onlooker*, a paper issued by the Conservative Party, carries an article tartly calling attention to "a multiplicity of problems which Sir William frankly admits remained to be solved," and the industrial life-assurance companies have shot from the hip in a memorandum which asserts that interference with their business would "in its disastrous result have serious repercussions throughout the Empire." With all due respect to the assurance companies, most citizens in this bit of Empire are going right on considering that the proposals constitute the best-looking design for disaster that their eyes have yet lighted upon.

APPROPRIATELY enough, the day on which it was announced that England and Wales had just turned in the highest quarterly birth rate in the last twelve years was also chosen as the launching date of the new government-sponsored Utility furniture designed to help young couples to set up housekeeping and raise a family. Prices of both modern and antique furniture have jumped so steeply lately that something



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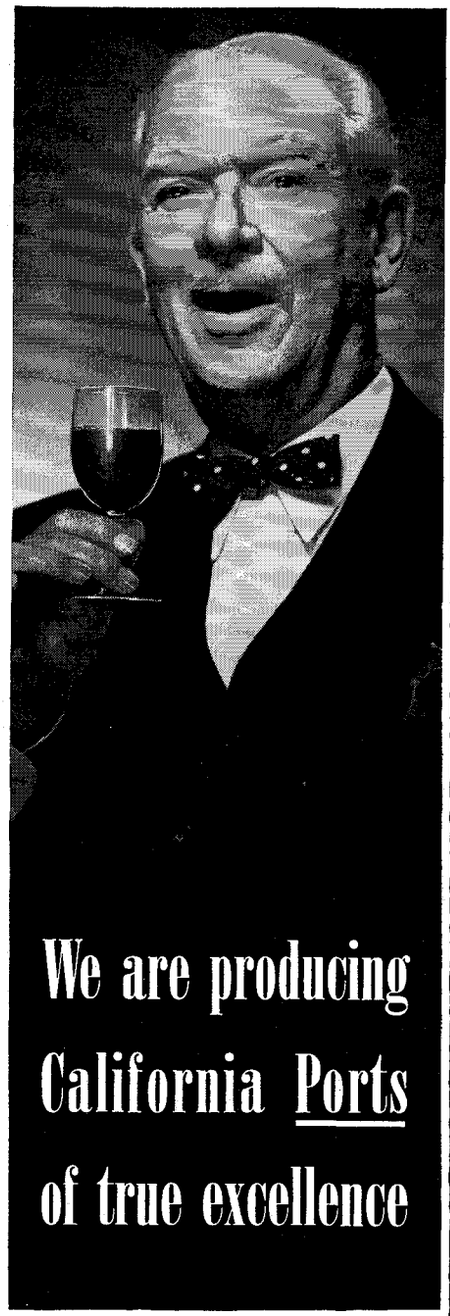

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THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

of the kind was certainly needed. Permits for buying the Utility pieces will be granted only to newlyweds, expectant mothers, people who have been bombed out, and bona-fide engaged couples. If an engagement is broken after the furniture has been contracted for, the permit to buy it must be returned. A Board of Trade official is of the surprisingly romantic opinion that this requirement, which necessitates the coming together of the young people to sign the documents involved in returning the permit, may easily help patch up many a broken engagement at the very moment that a couple's future home is about to be handed back on the dotted line.

There are criticisms of the new scheme both from the furniture trade, which grumbles that too low a price ceiling has been fixed on their Utility products and from the public, which says that the idea sounds fine but the furniture just isn't in the shops to buy. When it is, it will be distributed at the maximum rate of sixty ration-book units to a married couple. The rate, when you consider that a wardrobe takes twelve units and a sideboard eight (the Board of Trade, by the way, old-fashionedly penalizes twin-bed addicts by charging them six units while requiring only five for the good old double), doesn't allow for much clutter in the home.

Life in these isles aims at becoming more uncluttered in every way, what with Utility clothes without pleats, pockets, or trouser cuffs and Utility cups without handles. The famous firm of Wedgwood has intelligently been assigned to produce the last, which are simple and good-looking and apparently save an immense amount of labor in the potteries. Since Britons know that manpower is their No. 1 problem for 1943, this is a Utility selling point indeed. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE DOUBTING AUTHOR

[*From "Trial and Error," by Jack Woodford*]

Unless you have "genius" (whatever that is) ... —*Page 29.*

... the Cause of True Religion, whatever that is ... —*Page 114.*

... true literary worth (whatever that is) ... —*Page 140.*

... the artistic story, whatever that is ... —*Page 200.*

... real literature, whatever that is.... —*Page 215.*

... writing as an art, whatever that is ... —*Page 223.*

... a true artist, whatever that is ... —*Page 224.*

... those "normally" sexed—whatever that is. —*Page 225.*

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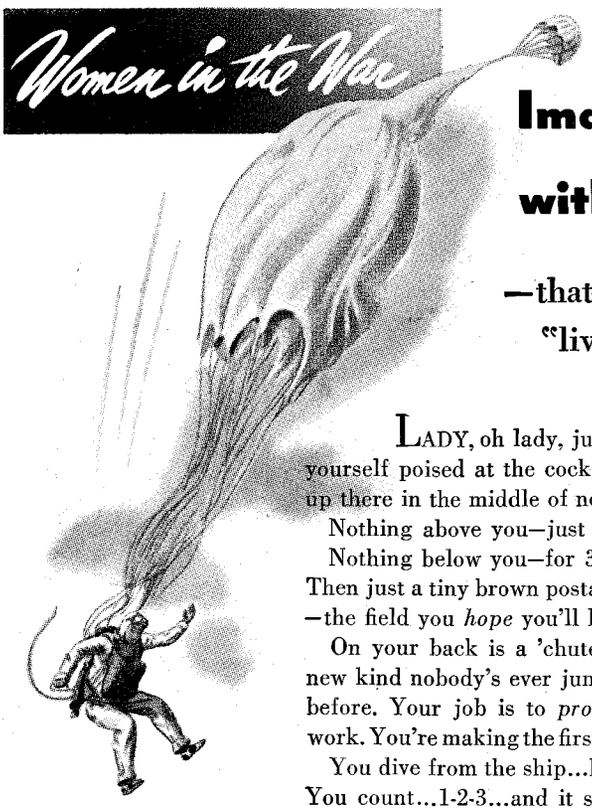
Women in the War



Imagine!.... diving into space with an untested 'chute ——

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LADY, oh lady, just picture yourself poised at the cockpit's edge up there in the middle of nothing.

Nothing above you—just blue sky.

Nothing below you—for 3,000 feet. Then just a tiny brown postage stamp —the field you *hope* you'll land in.

On your back is a 'chute pack; a new kind nobody's ever jumped with before. Your job is to *prove* it will work. You're making the first *live* test!

You dive from the ship...head first. You count...1-2-3...and it seems like a year. Then you pull that rip-cord. Nothing happens for a moment and then...*it works!* . . . blossoms out in a big blessed white umbrella and you know you're all right. And that's something you didn't know—till it happened!

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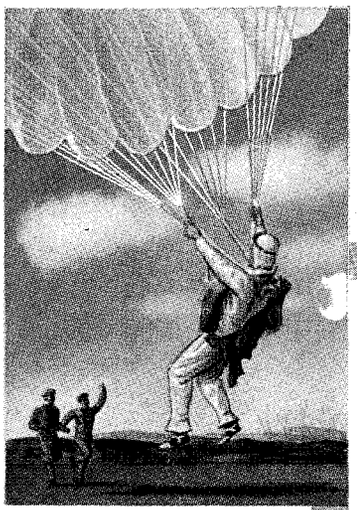

NO WONDER the first thing Adeline Gray did when she reached the ground was to light up a Camel. Which is no doubt what you'd do, too! A Camel always tastes swell, but in a moment like that . . . well, there aren't words enough to say how swell! "Camel's my cigarette," Adeline Gray says. "They suit my taste and throat to a 'T.'"

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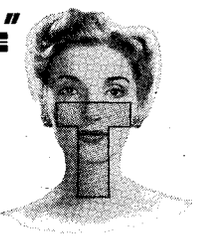
THE "T ZONE"



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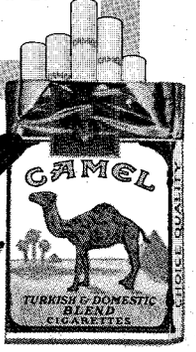

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White Label **8** *years old*

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also known as Ne Plus Ultra

Dewar's "White Label"

and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH *OF THE WORLD*

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